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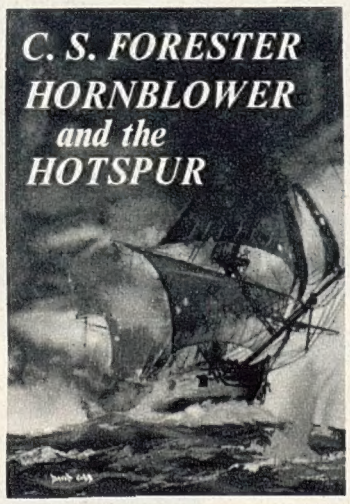

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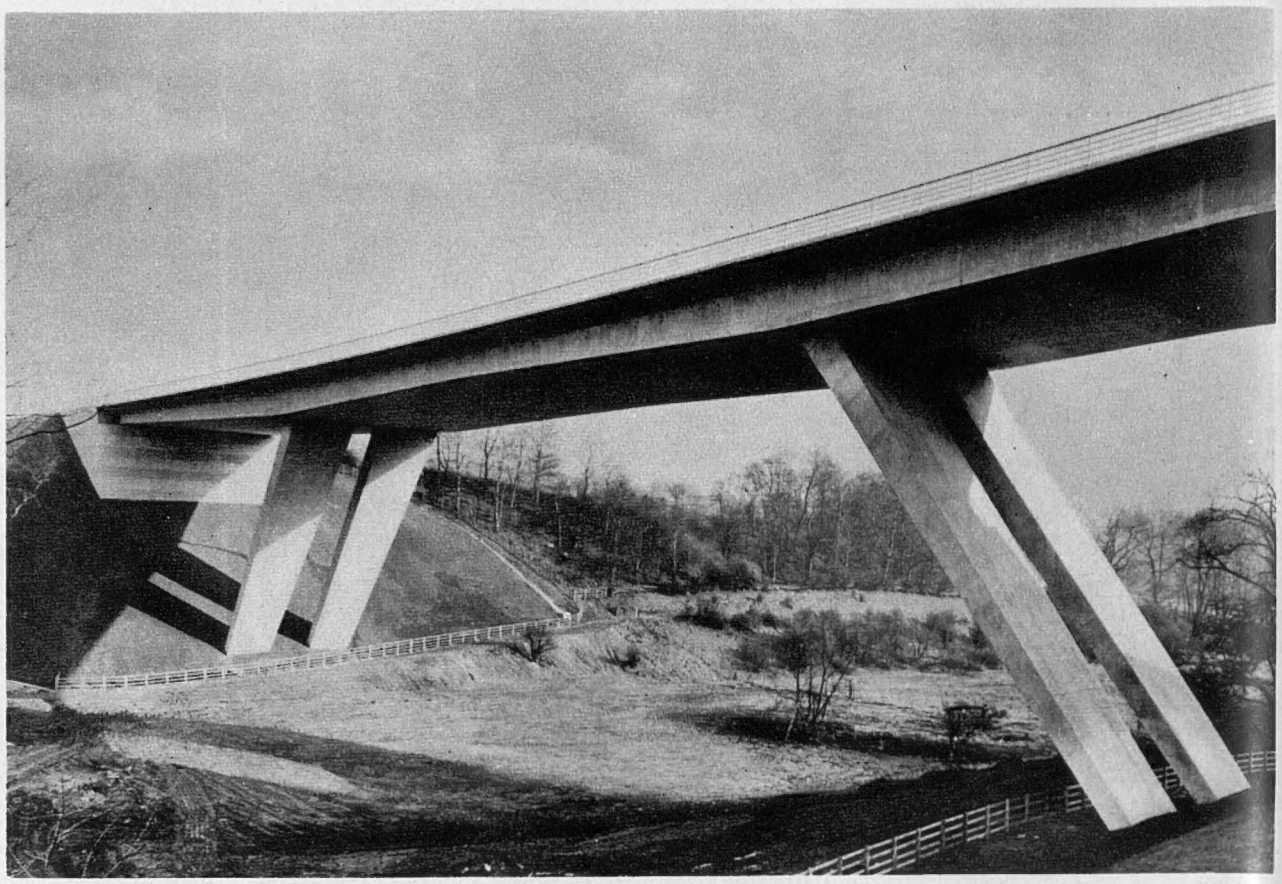

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Volume CCL No. 3243

THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 28, 1962

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A REBUKE FROM LORD AVON

Lord Avon, formerly Sir Anthony Eden, speaks at Leamington, the constituency he represented from 1923 to 1957 in the House of Commons. Sitting beside him is Lady Avon. The former Prime Minister was addressing a rally of Young Conservatives in the Pump Room gardens. In the course of his remarks he made what was tantamount to a public rebuke to Mr. Macmillan for dismissing Mr. Selwyn Lloyd from the Treasury. "I feel that he has been harshly treated," said Lord Avon, "but I have no doubt he will serve the nation again in high office." He thought that what the former Chancellor had been trying to do was right. Any failure in presentation of policy was "surely a matter which concerns his colleagues as much as the Chancellor." Lord Avon's intervention, on behalf of the man who was his Foreign Secretary at the time of the Suez affair, increased the already explosive atmosphere in the Conservative Party following Mr. Macmillan's "purge" of the Cabinet. This week the Prime Minister was due to make a number of crucial speeches. (See also John Connell, page 122)

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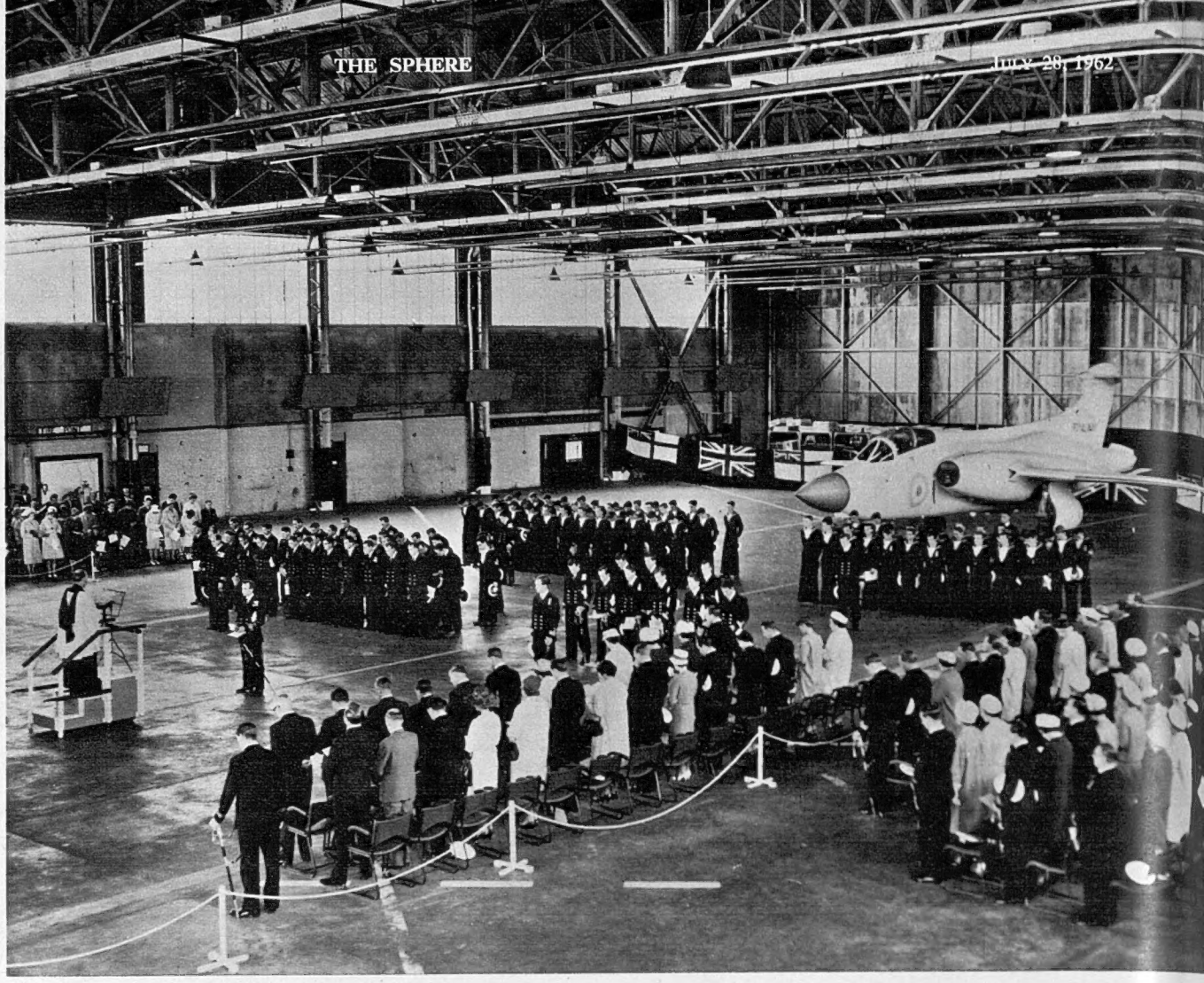
Number 801 Squadron, the first in the Royal Navy to be equipped with the Blackburn Buccaneer low-level strike aircraft, is commissioned in a ceremony at the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth, in Scotland. The commissioning was performed by Vice-Admiral D. P. Dreyer, Flag Officer Air (Home). After working up to a state of readiness, Number 801 Squadron is due to join the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal* in Far Eastern waters next February. The Buccaneer, the latest British naval aircraft, is a large two-seat strike fighter, capable of speeds over Mach 1 and of carrying nuclear weapons

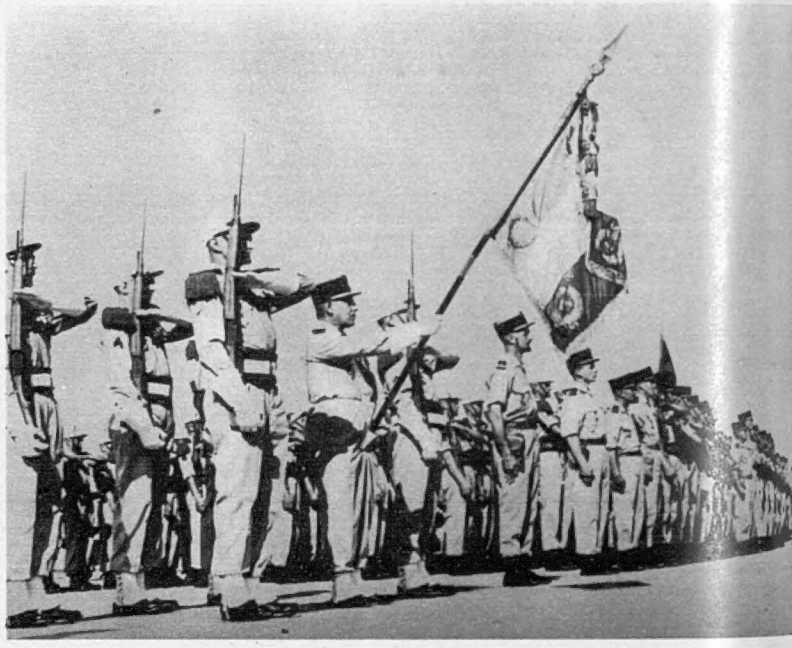


THE FIRST ROYAL NAVAL SQUADRON TO BE EQUIPPED WITH BUCCANEERS

Below right: Major Robert White of the U.S. Air Force stands beside the nose of the X-15 rocket-powered research aircraft. Last week he flew the X-15 above Edwards Air Force Base, in California, to a record height for winged aircraft of nearly 59 miles. This qualified him under U.S.A.F. regulations as America's fifth astronaut and the first in a winged aircraft. (An astronaut is a man who flies more than 50 miles above the earth's surface.) Later, Major White and the three other men who have piloted the X-15 on the space research programme received the Robert J. Collier Trophy, for outstanding achievements in aviation, from President Kennedy

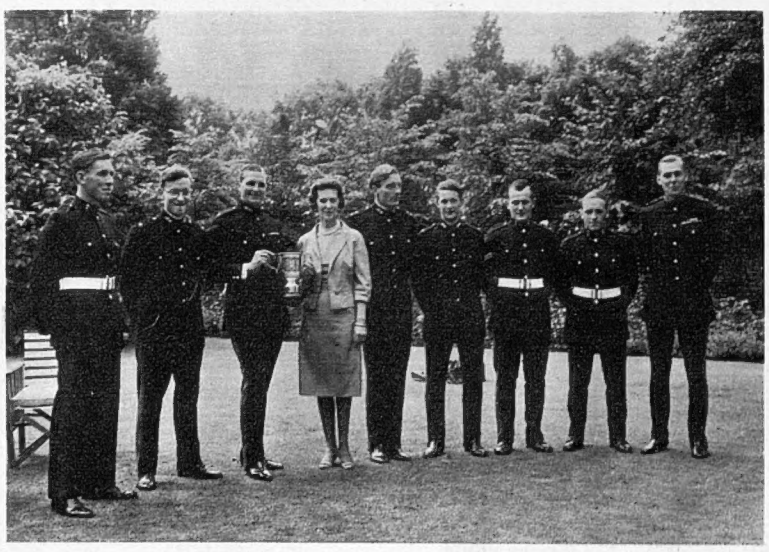
X-15 PILOT BECOMES AN ASTRONAUT

Far right: At Sidi Bel Abbes, in Algeria, the 1st Battalion of the French Foreign Legion parades its colours for the last time at the base. The ceremony last week was part of those during the disbanding of the Legion, one of the world's famous military units. It played a controversial role in the Algerian struggle. The situation in Algeria last week saw a continuation of the struggle between M. Ben Khedda, the Algerian Prime Minister, and M. Ben Bella, the dissident Deputy Premier. M. Ben Bella was reportedly gaining more support, including that of M. Ferhat Abbas, former leader of the Algerian Provisional Government



DISBANDING THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

Princess Marina stands with members of the champion Army Ski Team, 40th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, in the gardens at Kensington Palace. She had just presented the team with the Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent Cup, being held in the picture by Major James Spencer. It was the third successive year that the team had won the Cup. Princess Marina is Patron of the Army Ski Association

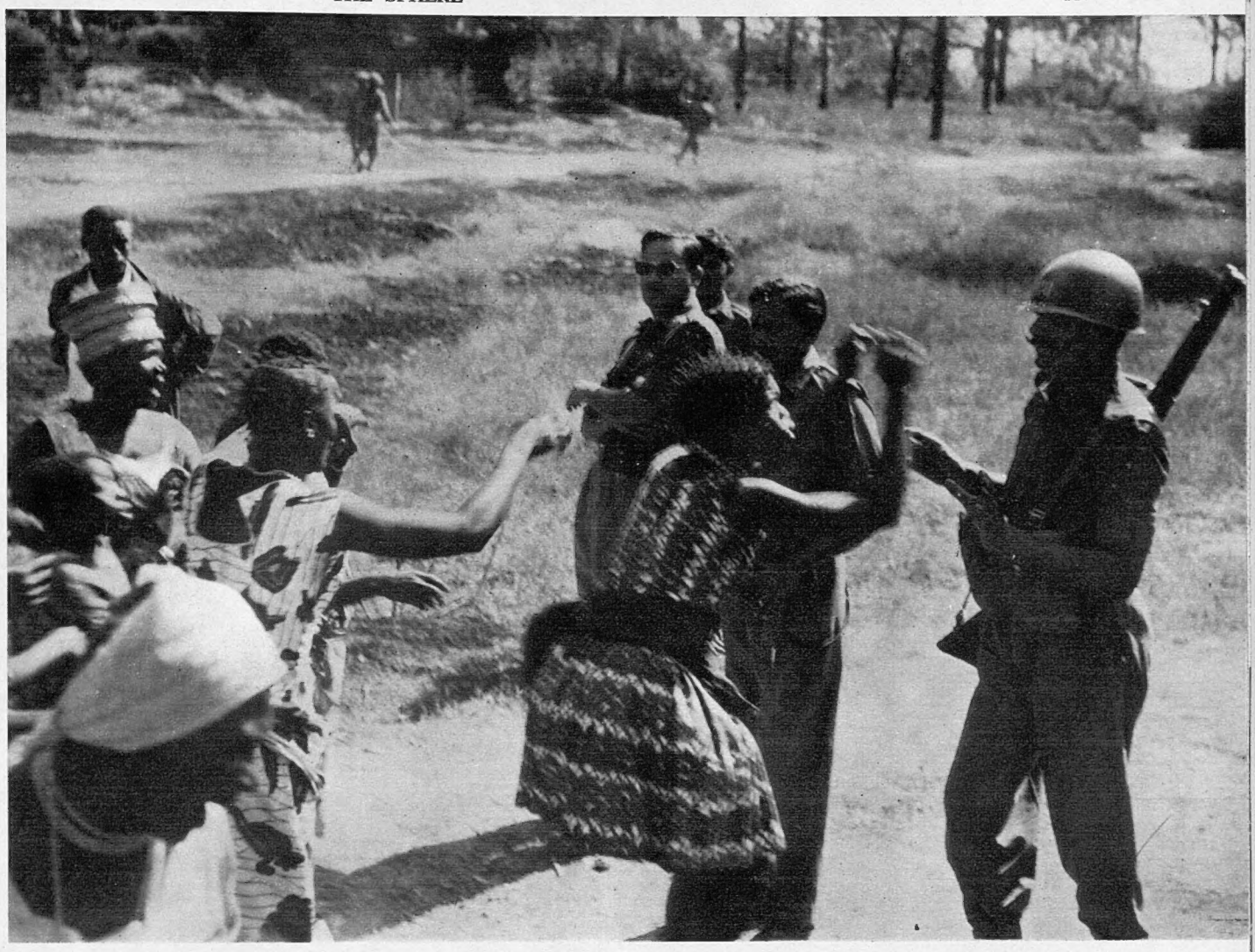


THE CHAMPION SKIERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Far right: Surviving members of the crew of the British airship R.34 look up at a model of the craft which made an historic crossing of the Atlantic forty-three years ago. The 9-ft. model of the R.34 was hung in the new No. 3 building at London Airport last week, presented by the Duke of Hamilton, President of the Air League. Mr. Julian Amery, Minister of Aviation, received the memorial to the ship and crew. One of those present was Mr. W. Ballantyne, who stowed away on the airship for its crossing

A MEMORIAL TO A FAMOUS AIRSHIP

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



INDIAN TROOPS OF THE UNITED NATIONS FACE PROVOCATION IN ELISABETHVILLE

African women demonstrate fiercely before Indian troops of the United Nations manning a road block on one of the main roads out of Elisabethville, the capital of the Congolese province of Katanga. A crowd of 10,000 women stormed the road block for three hours, throwing stones and earth at the soldiers, and setting fire to the neighbouring bush. Reports of casualties conflicted. President Tshombe claimed that a young woman and two boys had been killed, but Indian officers said that the troops had only fired into the air in an attempt to disperse the crowd. The U.N. later issued a statement saying that the bodies of the casualties had been shown to reporters an hour before the U.N. troops had opened fire; 18 U.N. soldiers were wounded. Mr. Gardiner, the U.N. chief representative in the Congo, arrived in Elisabethville later in the week for talks with M. Tshombe in an attempt to ease tension

CHANCE MEETING AT THE RITZ IN LONDON

Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, at an informal meeting with Dr. Borg Olivier, the Prime Minister of Malta, in the Ritz Hotel, London. The Tunku was in Britain for talks with Mr. Macmillan and other Ministers on the proposed Federation of Greater Malaysia. Dr. Olivier was in London on a routine visit

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN FOR AUSTRALIAN TOUR

Far right: E. R. Dexter plays a chancy shot through the slips during the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's. The wicket-keeper is K. V. Andrew. It was announced during the match last week that Dexter had been chosen as captain of the England team to tour Australia this winter

FREE DEMOCRATS VISIT BRITAIN

Dr. Erich Mende (centre), leader of West Germany's Free Democrat Party, at a Press conference in London. Left is Dr. Lenz, Minister of Federal Property in the West German Government, and right is Dr. Leverenz, Deputy Premier and Minister of Justice of Schleswig-Holstein. Dr. Mende and his party colleagues were in Britain as the guests of the Parliamentary Liberal Party

NEW U.S. SECRETARY FOR HEALTH

Far right: At the White House with President Kennedy is Mr. A. J. Celebrezze (centre), the Mayor of Cleveland, who was named last week to be the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Kennedy Administration. Left is Mr. A. A. Ribicoff, the former Secretary, who had resigned to seek the Democratic nomination for Senator in Connecticut. The appointment of Mr. Celebrezze occasioned surprise in the U.S., but it was agreed that he was a highly popular politician

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A thin cordon of policemen attempt to prevent a crowd of anti-Fascist demonstrators from attacking members of Sir Oswald Mosley's Union Movement attempting to carry on a meeting in Trafalgar Square, London. The meeting, held last Sunday, was stopped by the police fifteen minutes after it had started because of disturbances in which fifty-five people were arrested. The Square was filled well before the time the meeting was due to start, and incidents began as soon as speakers mounted the platform. Sir Oswald, who was to have spoken at the meeting, said later that he still intended to hold it, and had a provisional date for the Square in September

VIOLENCE AT THE UNION MOVEMENT MEETING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Members of the new military junta of four Presidents in Peru at the swearing-in ceremony in the Government Palace in Lima. From left are General Perez Godoy and General Lindley Lopez, both of the Army; Vice-Admiral Torres Matos, of the Navy; and Major-General Vargas Prada, of the Air Force. The junta arrested President Prado in a *coup* last week, took over the Government of the country, and annulled the June elections on the grounds that they were fraudulent. The U.S.A. immediately broke off diplomatic relations with Peru, and suspended all major aid programmes

THE SWEARING-IN OF PERU'S FOUR PRESIDENTS

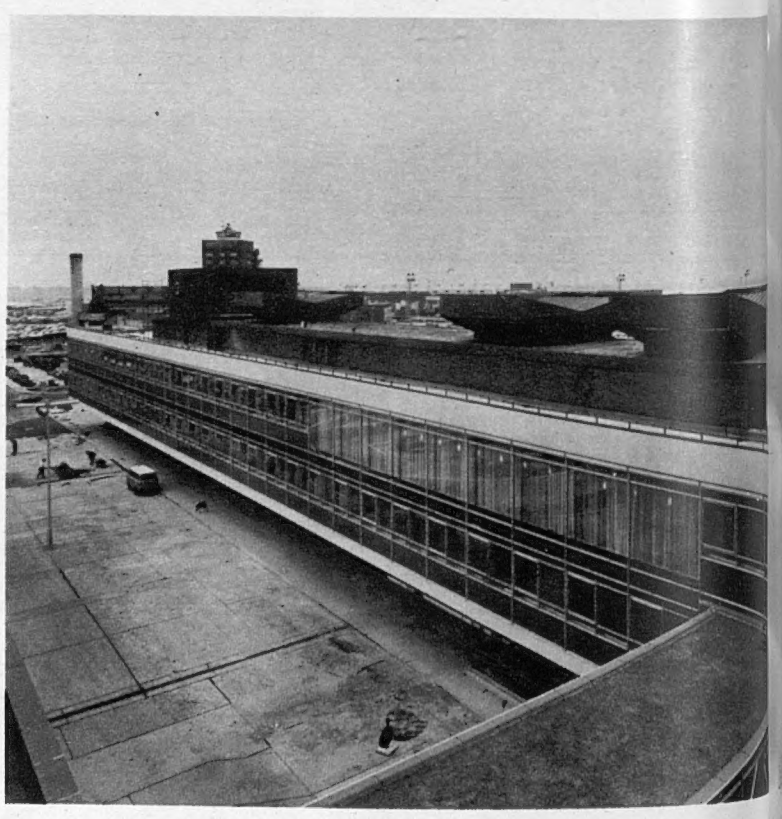
Far right: General Norstad in Bonn with President Heinrich Lübke of West Germany. Last week General Norstad resigned as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, because he intended to retire. President Kennedy in Washington announced that General Lyman Lemnitzer, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, would succeed General Norstad as C.-in-C. U.S. Forces in Europe. It was presumed he would also be Supreme Allied Commander, Europe

GENERAL NORSTAD RETIRES

Jim Clark in the works Lotus 25 crosses the finishing line to win the British Grand Prix at Aintree. He led the race from the start and finished nearly a minute ahead of John Surtees in the Bowmaker Lola. Bruce McLaren in the works Cooper was third, and Graham Hill in the B.R.M. fourth. British cars, powered by V-8 engines, dominated the race. The Ferrari team could only send one car, for Phil Hill, and this retired. Both the new Porsches were not able to maintain the pace

WINNER OF THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Far right: Part of the modernisation of the central area at London Airport is the newly-opened office and restaurant block, built at a cost of just over half a million pounds by Rush and Tompkins Limited. The "ears" on the roof are the extract and inlet openings of the air conditioning system. All windows are double-glazed in order to cut down aircraft noise



NEW BUILDING AT LONDON AIRPORT

NEWS SUMMARY

Busy days in Geneva; further stages in the missile race; tension on the Indo-Chinese frontier; the rival factions in Algeria; new U.N. moves on Congo

INTERNATIONAL

The negotiators have again been busy at **Geneva.** Foreign Ministers of the fourteen nations of the Geneva Conference on Laos arrived at the end of last week for the formal signing of the agreement underwriting the statement of neutrality issued by Prince Souvanna Phouma's Government. This pledged that Laos would not resort to the use of force against other countries nor interfere in the internal affairs of other countries. It provided that all foreign regular and irregular troops would be withdrawn from Laos in the shortest possible time.

The problem remaining for the signatory states was the implementation of the agreement. Last weekend, there were meetings between various Western Foreign Ministers to consider this point. The other major issue being discussed was **Berlin.** Mr. Dean Rusk, the American Secretary of State, and M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister, had talks with Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister. Lord Home was due to have talks with Mr. Gromyko. It was understood in Geneva that these meetings centred on the Berlin problem. The East-West impasse appeared to remain: the Soviet position was still that any proposals on Berlin must include removal of Western forces from the city: the West held that their troops must stay until the whole German problem was solved.

At the same time as the Laos and Berlin questions were being discussed, negotiations continued in the Geneva disarmament conference. The U.S. State Department last weekend said that the U.S. hoped these would go on despite the Soviet announcement of a new nuclear test series.

GREAT BRITAIN

Over the weekend Sir Winston Churchill was reported to be continuing to progress in recovering from his broken thigh in the Middlesex Hospital, **London.** It was stated that he was spending a few hours each day sitting by his bed and had been able, with help, to take a few steps in his room.

Islanders from Tristan de Cunha, now living at **Calshott** in Hampshire, chose a group of twelve men from among their number to return to the island as an advance party to investigate conditions there with a view to the return of all of them. The island in the South Atlantic was evacuated last year because of volcanic eruptions. Many of its people are reported to find conditions in Britain not to their liking.

Professor George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M., the historian, died at his home in **Cambridge** on July 20. He was aged eighty-six.

THE UNITED STATES

President Kennedy's programme of domestic legislation ran into more serious trouble in Congress last week. His Bill proposing medical care for the aged was defeated in the Senate by 52 votes to 48. Immediately afterwards, President Kennedy, in a statement on television, announced that he would throw his own prestige into the mid-term Congressional elections in November, on the issue of this Bill.

In the space race, the U.S. scored one major success and one major failure. A Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile, for the first time, intercepted an Atlas intercontinental missile during a 4,500-mile flight over the Pacific Ocean. But Mariner 1, the first U.S. Venus probe, was destroyed when it went off course.

THE SOVIET UNION

The Russian Government last weekend announced that they would hold a new series of nuclear tests. As quoted by Tass, the statement said that the American tests at Christmas and Johnston Islands " have produced their echo—they have made nuclear tests in reply by the Soviet Union inevitable." It went on to claim that the Soviet Union had the right to be the last to hold nuclear tests. Shortly before this statement, Moscow announced that the first test firings of missiles from submerged Soviet atomic submarines had been successfully carried out. Western experts believed that the latest series of nuclear tests would be held to try out the nuclear warheads of these missiles and of the recently announced Soviet anti-missile missile.

At the plenary session of the Geneva Conference on Laos, Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Laotian Prime Minister, is flanked by Lord Home of Britain and Mr. Gromyko of the Soviet Union, the co-Chairmen of the conference

INDIA

A Note from **New Delhi** to China protested about shooting incidents last weekend in the Chip Chap valley and near the Pangong Lake in the border area of Ladakh. An earlier Note from Pekin alleged an Indian armed attack on Chinese frontier posts in Sinkiang. The situation in the Galwan valley, another point of tension, remained unchanged.

It was also reported in New Delhi last Sunday that the Indian Government had decided in principle to buy Soviet MiG-21 jet fighters and to manufacture them in India with Soviet assistance.

ALGERIA

The establishment of a political bureau, including men from the rival Benbellist and Benkheddist factions, was announced from the headquarters of M. Ben Bella at **Tlemcen.** This followed a meeting of delegates of the six *willayas* (politico-military commands). The bureau did not include M. Ben Khedda, the Prime Minister of the Provisional Government, and was denounced by Vice-Premier Belkacem Krim in **Algiers** as illegal. However, support for M. Ben Bella continued to grow (see page 116).

MIDDLE EAST

Four rocket missiles, one with a range of 360 miles, were fired from a rocket site 50 miles from **Cairo,** during the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the Republic of Egypt.

The new Prime Minister of Persia, Mr. Assadullah Alam, presented his Cabinet to the Shah in **Teheran.** It included several members of the Cabinet of the outgoing Premier, Dr. Amini, who resigned last week because he could not balance his budget. He attributed this to insufficient military aid from the U.S.A.

CONGO

Mr. Gardiner, the U.N. chief representative in the Congo, left for New York to report to the U.N. on his talks in **Elisabethville** with President Tshombe of Katanga (see picture on page 117). It was announced that M. Jean Back, the U.N. representative in Katanga, had been replaced by a Kenya-born African, Mr. Eliud Mathu. This appointment was welcomed by M. Tshombe, who was also reported to have proposed that Elisabethville become an open city with entry barred to both U.N. and Katanga troops. M. Back continued as Mr. Gardiner's assistant. U Thant, the U.N. Acting Secretary-General, speaking in Helsinki, referred to Katanga's leaders as " a bunch of clowns " and said that he would be seeking a new mandate from the Security Council on the Congo. Reports from Washington suggested that the United States was pressing for some form of concerted economic action by the West to persuade M. Tshombe to come to an agreement with the Congolese Central Government.

The Queen is applauded by the boys as she tours Brighton College, accompanied by the Headmaster, Mr. W. Stewart. Her Majesty visited the school with Prince Philip last week

IN SUSSEX AND THE EAST END

and other recent pictures of members of the Royal Family

During celebrations of the centenary of H.M.S. *Worcester* at Greenhithe, the Queen presents her Gold Medal to Senior Cadet Talbot from Natal

Prince Philip presents the Chicksands Cup to Senior Technical Cadet N. Thomas at the Graduation Parade of technical cadets at R.A.F. Technical College, at Henlow in Bedfordshire

Apart from the bustle of activity at Buckingham Palace caused by the far-reaching Government changes, the Royal Family was involved in its usual busy programme last week. Highlight of the week for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was the tour of Sussex, where they visited Lewes, Newhaven, Brighton and Hove. In Brighton the Queen unveiled a commemorative plaque on the chapel wall of Brighton College. In Hove she opened the George Street Renovation Scheme. Last week also saw the Queen and Prince Philip on a visit to the new developments in Bethnal Green and Stepney, and at a centenary Prize-giving in H.M.S. *Worcester*, the Incorporated Thames Nautical Training College, at Greenhithe. The Duke of Edinburgh, as Commandant-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force Technical College, at Henlow, in Bedfordshire, visited the College and reviewed a Graduation Parade.

The Queen Mother last week attended a reception given by the Royal Society at Burlington House on the occasion of the tercentenary of the granting to the Society of its first charter by King Charles II. Princess Margaret was present at a gala performance given by London's Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, held in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

The Queen Mother is escorted by Sir Howard Florey, President of the Royal Society, on her arrival for the tercentenary celebrations

The Princess Royal talks to representatives from Sierra Leone, Swaziland and Ghana at the opening of the annual conference for overseas branches of the British Red Cross Society at a reception in London

Princess Margaret and the Marchioness of Blandford at the gala performance by London's Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. **Centre:** The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are welcomed by the Mayor of Bethnal Green, Councillor A. Stocks, on their arrival to tour development areas of Bethnal Green and Stepney. **Right:** A charming study of the Duke and Duchess of Kent with their son, the Earl of St. Andrews. The baby, born on June 26, is tenth in succession to the throne

During the Royal tour of the East End of London, children run across the grass on the Stifford Estate, Stepney, to get a closer look at the Queen and Prince Philip

JOHN CONNELL

AFTER THE AVALANCHE

Lord Home picks his occasions for major pronouncements with care. He obviously wanted to emphasize and take further his famous Berwick speech in which he dared to criticise certain aspects of the United Nations. He chose a gathering of the United Nations Association—a body neither so woolly-minded nor so fanatical as its predecessor which in the 1930s, beat the drum for the League of Nations—and gave it a strong, salutary dose of truth about the U.N.'s present trends and tendencies.

The British Government have deeply resented the Assembly vote against them over Southern Rhodesia and the subsequent establishment of the Committe of 17. To my mind, it is scandalous that notorious offenders against every principle that the United Nations must be supposed to represent can arrogate to themselves the right to sit in judgment on Britain, one of the founders and stalwart upholders of the U.N. Charter.

Lord Home has a refreshing honesty, both of thought and feeling. Though the effects of his latest big speech have been somewhat muffled by the immense hullabaloo that accompanied and followed Mr. Macmillan's astonishing "reconstruction" of the Government, it is extremely fortunate that he was not one of those summoned to execution. He and Mr. R. A. Butler have developed a sympathy and a mutual respect which—in the present atmosphere at the higher levels of the Administration—are as welcome as they are unexpected. It is also to be hoped that when this immediate row dies away, the effects of his speech before the avalanche will be remembered.

There is a limit beyond which the manipulation of U.N. machinery, and its distortion to serve sheerly partisan purposes (which, incidentally, are highly inimical to Britain) cannot be permitted to pass. Lord Home has made it his business to define those limits beyond ambiguity. Is it too much to hope that he will be allowed to remain in office long enough to see the fulfilment of the policy which he has taken such trouble to lay down?

Three weeks ago it would have seemed irrelevant to ask such a question. But after the convulsions of Friday, July 13—the afternoon of the long knives, as one departing victim described it—the future of the whole Government seems uncertain. Lord Attlee, in his time, had a reputation for Ministerial butchery that was the result of the brisk and dry manner he adopted when performing what he knew to be a thoroughly unpleasant task. There was mercifully no trace of Pecksniff about Lord Attlee, though he did dismiss the Viceroy of India with much less even than the month's notice thought suitable, in the old days, for a peccant housemaid.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd plays croquet with his hostess, Mrs. Hardy-Roberts, at Mill House, Fittleworth, Sussex. The photograph was taken during the weekend he resigned his Cabinet post as Chancellor of the Exchequer

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and the other ex-Ministers certainly got far scanter shrift than any housemaid. But it has been towards the especial case of Mr. Lloyd that concern, both public and private, has been directed. Like Lord Kilmuir, he had been a Minister for close on eleven years, without interruption. He had soldiered on, through rough days and through smooth; and the luck of the game had sent him many rough days.

Loyalty, like moral courage, is one of those qualities on which, in public as in private life, nobody has an unlimited overdraft. Among a not-inconsiderable array, it is Mr. Lloyd's major virtue. He has given of it without stint; and with an innocence—some might say a straightforwardness—that is rare in our complex and sophisticated society. His tragedy has been that he has relied on the promptings of his own heart. A heart such as his wins you, in private life, deep and tenacious friendships: but in public life, especially if you are temperamentally incapable of parading it in public, it can make you go down a very disagreeable blind alley.

This is the second episode of this kind within my own experience; and I find its similarity to its predecessor more and more disturbing, the more I ponder it. Naked, scared expediency is never a good guide in politics; I learned this in a sharp and dismal lesson early in my career, and now close on thirty years later I see it harshly reinforced. I first went into the Press Gallery of the House of Commons after the General Election of 1935, when Baldwin's "National" Government came back to power with a thumping majority, and ran almost at once into a fierce storm over foreign affairs.

The Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, later Viscount Templewood, was a subtle, intelligent and brave man, who had been an excellent intelligence officer in World War I and, for a long time, a painstaking Secretary of State for Air, who with Trenchard's backing, managed to preserve the R.A.F. from administrative extinction in the 1920s. He cloaked his virtues behind a disconcerting prim old-maidishness of manner. He tried to make a deal with his French counterpart, Pierre Laval, over a settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian war. Paris leaked the news of his negotiations, and there was a fearful rumpus. Baldwin began by trying to keep Hoare, who was one of his closest friends; but as the tempest mounted, he gave way and asked for his resignation as Foreign Secretary. When Hoare had made, from the traditional seat which Mr. Selwyn Lloyd occupied last week on his return to the House as a back-bencher, the personal statement to which he was entitled, Baldwin—in that rich, mellow voice which was one of his principal attributes—supplied his own *apologia*. Its climax was a quotation of the great Lord Salisbury's cry, when he saw before him the dead body of his friend, Lord Iddesleigh: "Politics is a cursed trade." A House full of professional politicians heard it in frigid silence.

There will always, I suspect, be a good deal of argument about Mr. Lloyd's quality and achievements as a statesman. What has always puzzled those who know him and like him has been the venom of the hostility he has aroused. Nobody, however—even the most reckless and bitter of his critics—has ever been able seriously to impugn that sense of loyalty in him to which I have referred earlier. This has in one sense already been an advantage; it may prove to be of great significance. No Minister has had stronger, more consistent backing at successive Party conferences: to the rank and file of the Party, the men and women who keep it alive through all its vicissitudes, Mr. Lloyd makes a strong appeal. They see in his merits a reflection of their own. He speaks their thoughts, their aspirations, in their language and with their accent.

This undemonstrative but deep attachment to his roots, this sense of belonging, in a man naturally as lonely as Selwyn Lloyd, is important. It gives him steadiness and stability—virtues which, though they seemed oddly out of place during some of his more hectic experiences in the past decade, are not to be despised. His car could be stoned in a riot in a sheikhdom in the Persian Gulf: he emerged unruffled, and with a tough, unselfsatisfied detachment about the political importance of the Arab world which (whatever view you may take about Suez) was very valuable both before and after that tremendous watershed in our history as a great power in decline.

The essential fact, however, to grasp about his departure from office—an office, I happen to know, for which he had singularly little taste but assumed at the direct request of the Prime Minister—is that he went not because his policy was wrong, but because it was unpopular. The motives underlying Mr. Macmillan's summary throwing-over of Mr. Lloyd have not passed unnoticed by the British electorate; and the consequences, when they come to the polling-booths, will be extremely interesting to observe.

In the meantime, Mr. Lloyd finds himself in a curious position of eminence which, like almost all else in his career, he never sought, but into which he has been thrust. He is now the potential alternative leader of the Conservative Party that is any Prime Minister's nightmare. Supposing the July massacre proves to have been in vain? Supposing the whole concept of "the new image" is a feeble delusion? The twists and turns of political fortune are many and unpredictable. I doubt whether history has done yet with the Right Honourable John Selwyn Brooke Lloyd, C.H.

Equipped with a specially-made double ladder, a three-man team of hedge-clippers goes into action on the annual job of trimming a 36-ft. yew hedge which almost encircles Oakley Hall, near Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, the country house of the Earl and Countess of Bathurst. The great yew hedge was planted in the year 1720 when the grounds were laid out under the direction of the first Earl of Bathurst, a Tory peer of the eighteenth century, a friend of Pope and Congreve, who was noted in his day for his great love of gardening. The park and woods cover some 3,000 acres, with a principal avenue extending for five miles from Cirencester to Sapperton. The hedge can only be tackled by hand-trimming, an operation which takes ten days to complete. Its bitterest foe is mice, which enter the hedge and nibble at young shoots. This leads to dead patches disfiguring the smooth surface

THE GREAT WALL OF CIRENCESTER

b

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

OLD FACES AND NEW FEATURES. Pity the weekly journalist. When a startling event occurs, he misses the bus. The B.B.C. and the dailies have said all there is to say about it, and the sensation is old junk. So with Mr. Macmillan's purge. The new faces of his Government are already old familiar faces and have probably initiated new policies which may lead to a new shuffle. Still " the account runs on," and for the record I must think of something new to say. How Mr. Macmillan must have hated the job. Loyalty to colleagues was his middle name and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd seems to merit canonisation plus a C.H. Of his successor it is too early to speak. Mr. Lloyd, I suppose, *might* have moved from Chancellor to Lord Chancellor, though his legal experience was limited. Of the new Lord Chancellor I will speak more familiarly. It *seems only yesterday* (such is Time) that I heard the good news that his first brief was practically in the bag! Among other records he holds a remarkable one. He is the only Lord Chancellor who ever bowled eight wides in succession in an over. This feat I saw him perform in the Fathers' match at a private school near Oxford. In other respects, like all Lord Chancellors (except Sir F. Dashwood, president of the Hellfire Club, in the days of Wilkes) he is rigidly straight, I need not say. Into the new picture inevitably have come Joseph and Boyle, while Thorneycroft and Deedes are freshly remembered.

NECK OR NOTHING. No doubt the recent drift in by-elections and prods from behind hastened the butchery. A slow dismemberment would have better suited a humane Premier, but it became neck or nothing. But new faces are not enough, and the time is short for new policies to work out. It does not follow that, if Mr. Macmillan's purge can save the Tory bacon, it will save his own. I believe he has thoroughly enjoyed his Premiership, but this was his darkest hour. Mr. Butler is behind him, to buttress him up. Can Youth achieve in a year more than Eld achieved in ten? Youth itself is " not enough," but at first blush we often think it is. Finally, I rejoice at the new look given to the C.H. Heredity peerages are just now too dangerous gifts, in more ways than one, even for Mr. Macmillan. The C.H. is an excellent substitute—neat, not gaudy. I wonder whether the " new image " of Conservatism will at last admit that in that respect outworn forms of privilege are not only " done " but must be " *seen* to be done." To my mind, that is a tremendous trifle, well worth admitting in practice.

NATIONAL OR NATIONALISED? Dr. Beeching (whose job I would not have at thrice his salary) has issued a map of our railway system showing its freight traffic density, which, if designed as an indication of further economies to come, is terrifying. It seems to suggest that our railways will pay their way at last when only the tracks which link Birmingham and Leicester to Middlesbrough, and Bristol to Swansea, remain in active use. London and Plymouth would have no rail connections, the whole of Scotland would rely on road services, with the exception of a section from Carlisle to Glasgow, and only then if Dr. Beeching decides that 100,000 tons of freight per week can just make a section pay its way. Half our present railway system of 18,000 miles carries 95 per cent. of freight. Human freight does not count. Let us hope that this map is no more than a blue-print of his difficulties. If no heavy freights were suffered to use the roads, some threatened lines might still survive and a percentage of human freight might benefit; some chinks might be found for passengers between the bulky crates. But it is a free country and only a dictator can dictate how freights must be carried. The original idea of the steam kettle on wheels was to benefit the travelling citizen (" Parliamentary trains "). Even when nationalisation came about, that idea was not entirely dismissed. Dr. Beeching's dreadful mission (if this map means business) is to prove that bits of track in use in a few carefully seeded industrial enclaves can be made to pay. He will have rescued a nationalised industry from bankruptcy, and will have earned gratitude and praise (and appropriate rewards) for a task superbly accomplished! But not from all of us, least of all from the road-user *malgré lui*. I suppose coal-mining would pay if all pits but one Bonanza were closed. But many a citizen would shiver in winter.

TELSTAR IN ORBIT. Jumping in derision over the mud walls of Rome was a silly gesture at the time, and in retrospect all the sillier. For Rome in time *had* something. The same may be said for Squire Stiffrump's jokes about the " steam kettle on wheels," *Punch's* jokes about the red flag and the horseless carriage and the guffaws over the early " bird men." All in due course *had* something. So with *Telstar in orbit*. Mr. Dimbleby earned his keep when he mugged-up details of this world-shattering and world-contracting gadget, and it wasn't his fault if he failed to make it intelligible to me or to interest me in its possibilities. However, I am too old to jump over mud walls and not so far gone in second childhood as to ridicule what to scientists and half the world is a great new revolution in communications and certainly an innocent expenditure of ingenuity, hard work and money. I do not pretend to estimate what Telstar's ultimate possibilities may be. Those immediately offered include a world-wide exchange of television programmes and swifter and easier methods of telephoning between the four corners of the world, for commercial and social purposes. A global extension and exchange of television programmes would depend for its importance on the merits of the programmes. A world shrunk to still smaller compass must prove its advantages by the merits of the nations. Good neighbours are an advantage. Tiresome neighbours are a thorn in the flesh. Some, not necessarily senile, think that the world wagged more comfortably when time and space kept the nations apart. I put on record that I did not jump over these latest " walls "; I am certain they will one day rise to great heights. But not for me. I shall make do with television programmes as they are and restrict my use of the telephone to a minimum to the end. The world is too much with us. Sour grapes or hardening arteries? Neither, I think. In the world of today, with its urgent calls for millions of money for desperate problems, it does not strike me as an essential priority in sane budgeting. Why this haste?

A view of the new Plymouth civic centre and council building wh Over 200 ft. high, it cost £1,500,000 to build. The architects w design was by Mr. H. J. S. Sterling, who was also responsible

THE SCARLET LETTER. Whether Mr. Marples is lucky or unlucky in the multiplicity of advice tendered to him in his campaigns for road safety is unknown to me. Perhaps he cannot see the wood for the trees. Perhaps every suggestion is contradicted by another. Perhaps his robot tabulator and calculator is suffering from indigestion. He is told that the real menace on the road is the slow car and that 50 m.p.h. minimum speeds should be enforced; he is as often told that his problem would be solved if home market cars were all governed down to a 40 per cent. maximum. Recently it has been suggested that

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...as to be officially opened by the Queen on July 26. ...ellicoe, Ballantyne and Coleridge. The original ...he design and layout of Plymouth's city centre

Lord Dilhorne, formerly Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, leaves the House of Lords with the purse of the Great Seal before his swearing-in as Lord Chancellor

Denmark's V.C., Major Thomas Dinesen, leaves his London hotel with his wife and daughter to go to a garden-party at Buckingham Palace for V.C.s and G.C.s. He won his V.C. in 1918 while serving with the Royal Highlanders of Canada

Mr. Bradley (left), Labour M.P. for Leicester N.-E., arrives at Westminster to take his seat in the Commons. With him is Mr. Ray Gunter, M.P.

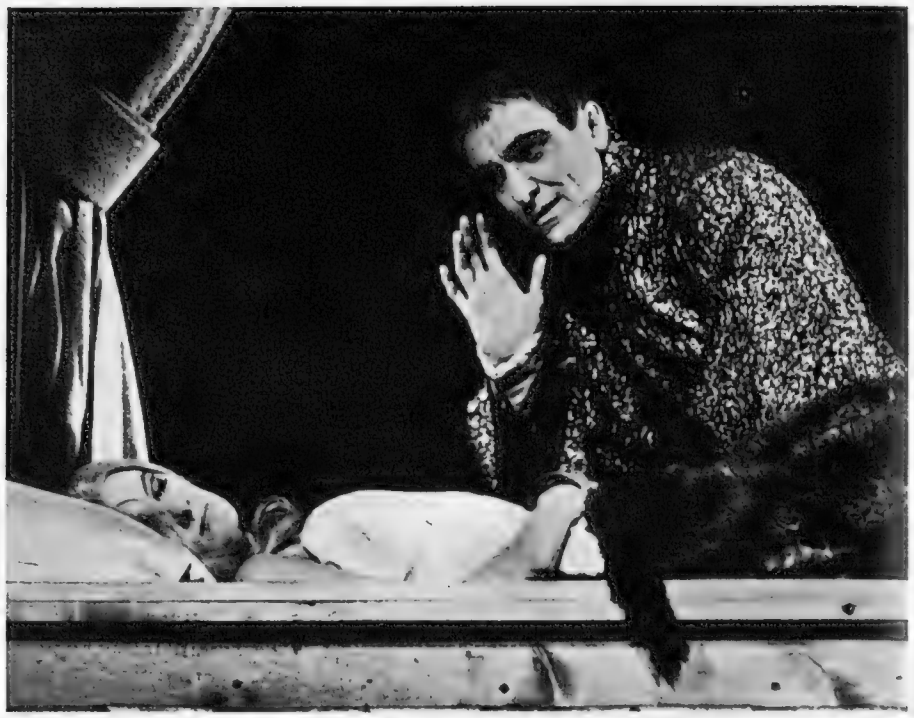
all cars should be officially passed as roadworthy annually from birth (and some who today buy popular cheap models would agree). On the penalising of bad drivers, he is offered various forms of penalties that really hurt and deter, from cast-iron suspension to relegation back to " L " plates and their implications. Let me plant one other tree in his big wood—a red oak. Require that the driver convicted of dangerous driving or twice convicted of careless driving be compelled to carry a scarlet letter-plate, similar to that worn in the hunting field by a hunter notoriously prone to kick. A scarlet " K." In the case of the dangerous driver the letter will stand for Killer, not Kicker. But for my part I still prefer the cheaper and more certainly effective penalty of suspension without appeal.

Members of the English Opera Group sing in *Dido and Aeneas*, the Purcell opera, performed in Guildhall as part of the City of London Festival celebrations. The production was first seen at the Aldeburgh Festival in June

CLOSER TIES WITH EUROPE. British old school ties, according to the trade, are now all the rage among sophisticated Europeans. You will see more " Old Etonians " walking the streets of Rome, Paris and Bonn than in London on Eton and Harrow days. Whether or no " sophisticated " is the right adjective, this fashion clearly indicates that the door to the Common Market is already wide open and that closer ties with the Continent are unofficially in being in the haberdashery section. It is not yet clear whether the fashion stems from the colours and designs of our old school ties or to a sudden appreciation of the institutions which they represent. If to the latter, we may soon expect " French-cricket " Test matches and Lycées run on the lines of English public schools. If it is merely due to the charm of our designs and colour schemes, it is less understandable. Not all our school, regimental and cricket ties are as neat, dignified and " gentleman-like " as the Old Etonian. The M.C.C. tie might suit the Spaniards, the I.Z. the Italians. I recall an early-Edwardian anecdote of a famous cricketer wearing his faded I.Z. tie who was approached by a cyclist with the question: " Excuse me. *Are* you a member of the Upper Tooting Bicycling Club? " The same doubt may arise on the Continent when genuine English alumni meet Jean and Hans and Jacopo at Continental bars and open up reminiscences of the happiest days of their lives.

MOVING THE STONE? A local historian has been delving into the provenance of the " Rufus Stone," that rusty iron monument, dear to New Forest tourists, which " marks the spot " where William II died at Stony Cross. (Some say it was a " ritual " murder; others no murder at all; others a fate which the King foresaw.) The original monument was set up by Lord De La Warr in the year when the Young Pretender raised his standard. Now, the " Rufus Stone " (a hideous atrocity in rusty iron) is declared a pretender. It is 12 miles out of place. Lord De La Warr relied on oral evidence and local tradition and built up a sequence of " *non-sequiturs*," if our local historian is right, in locating " Tyrrell's Ford " and " forge " on his escape route. The new theory is based on much earlier and some documentary evidence and places the site at Park Farm, on the Beaulieu estate. There is indeed a good deal to be said for it, if you study the history, corruptions and final extinction of the place-name " Thorougham," which is Park Farm today. I think the " Stone " will remain at Stony Cross. Tradition is hard to kill. Anyway, Lord Montagu has a score of attractions for his public: his vintage cars, his maritime museum at Buckler's Hard and his music festivals. It would be unfair to add the Rufus Stone to his tourist magnets and to leave Stony Cross nothing but an annual exhibition of the " litter " left by our forest visitors.

THE OLD STAGER



All of the love of Imogen (Vanessa Redgrave) is given to Posthumus (Patrick Allen). But **right:** she is betrayed, while asleep, by Iachimo (Eric Porter)

ENTERTAINMENT

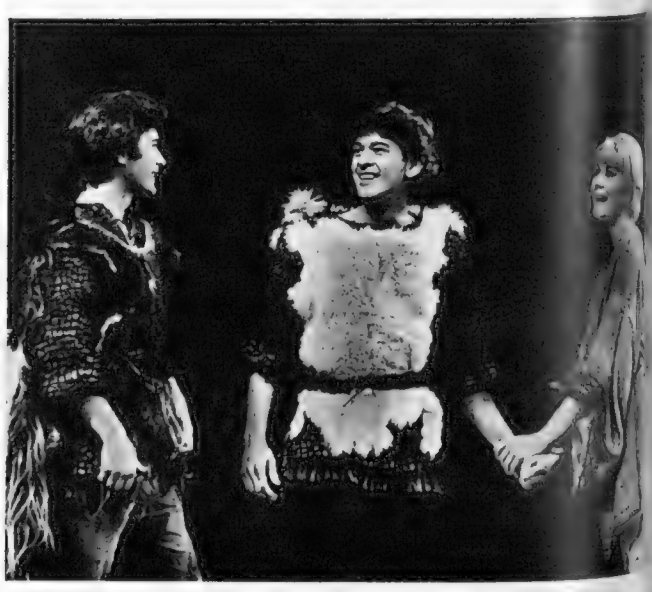
CYMBELINE

at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre

One of the least-performed of Shakespeare's plays, *Cymbeline*, last week triumphantly entered this season's roster of plays at Stratford-upon-Avon. Written late in the playwright's life, the tragi-comedy is an impressionistic collection of the themes, motives and conventions which Shakespeare had already made familiar to his audiences. Set in ancient Britain, its form is a moral fairy story told to a simple audience and its purpose an examination of the failures of Court life and marriage. It seems clear that Shakespeare designed *Cymbeline* to exploit the full resources of Jacobean stage-craft, switching rapidly from Britain to Rome to Milford Haven (of all places), and including a full-scale dream sequence and a battle. For these reasons—difficulties of staging and implausibilities of plot—the play has been little performed. But William Gaskill, the play's producer at Stratford, has surmounted these problems by presenting the plot straightforwardly and at speed and by using simple symbolic sets against a bare cyclorama.

He has the advantage of a very fine cast, led by Vanessa Redgrave as Imogen, honest in her beauty; Eric Porter as Iachimo, subtle in his scheming; and Clive Swift as Cloten, comic in his stupid brutality. *Cymbeline*, with its tangled plot, its complicated villainy and its pointed social comment, is Jacobean in tone and manner. Recently Jacobean tragedy has been enjoying a revival, so this production, with its technical resourcefulness, may well herald a revival in popularity for *Cymbeline*. In addition, it will further the cause of those who fervently believe that Vanessa Redgrave is becoming one of the finest of current Shakespearian actresses. With a magnificent all-round cast at Stratford and a scintillating collection of stars in Chichester's eloquent production of *Uncle Vanya*, any visitor to Britain, prepared to travel, can obtain a rosy impression of English classical acting.

Photographs by Reg Wilson



Imogen is drawn to her long-lost brothers, Arviragus (Barry MacGregor) and Guiderius (Brian Murray). **Left:** The wager scene at the home of Philario (Leon Sinden), third from right, in which Posthumus bets that Iachimo cannot seduce Imogen

Cloten (Clive Swift), the foolish son of the Queen, presses his suit with Imogen

Cymbeline (Tom Fleming), with his stepson, Cloten, and his second wife (Patience Collier)

Pisanio, the faithful servant (Tony Church), and Imogen

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

Golden anniversary of the Calgary Stampede

The world-famous Calgary Stampede, the largest wild west show in Canada, was thought to have broken most attendance records when it closed down on July 14 after its golden anniversary week. At least twice the population of Calgary, the host city of 280,000, saw the noisy, gay and thrill-packed extravaganza. Visitors from all over the world attended the fiftieth performance of the stampede, lured by new and additional attractions and by the " Pot O' Gold " raffle which carried a prize of $50,000 (£16,500)—$1,000 (£300) for each year of the stampede's history.

The foothills city of Calgary put away its stampede togs two weeks ago and for another year resumed its normal role of a bustling, business-like oil, industrial and ranching centre in the shadow of Alberta's Rockies. But as the stampede reached its climax on the last Saturday, all the glamour and boisterousness of the West's past was relived. Parades of mounted cowboys and Indians in all their finery and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their scarlet tunics mixed with " pioneers," fur trappers and old-time ranchers, all depicting Calgary's past.

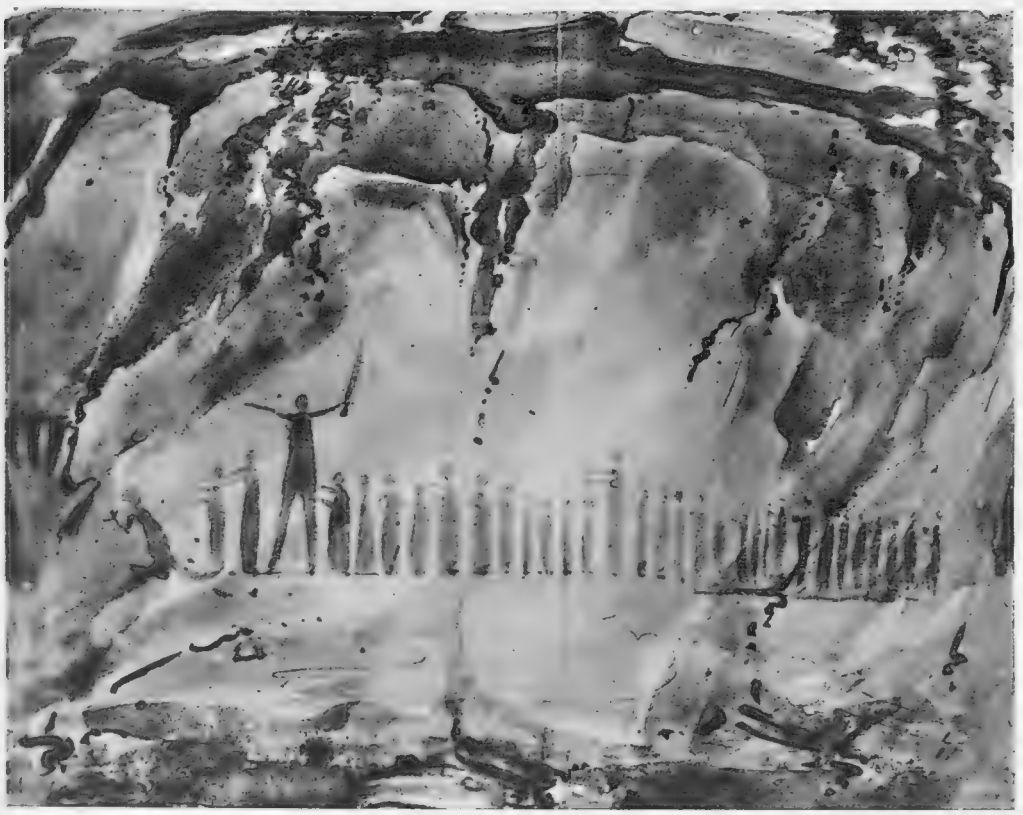
For a week city streets were roped off to divert traffic while Indians performed war dances and visitors joined Calgarians in community square-dances. Indian wrestling fascinated many newcomers, particularly wrestling of male against female. Chuck-wagons have dished out free hotcakes and bacon. And nearly $90,000 (£30,000) has been given in prizes for bronc riding, Brahma bull riding, roping and bull-dozing in the 7,000-seat stampede corral.

As always, the highlight of the stampede was the chuck-wagon races, which make Roman chariot races look tame. With wagons drawn by four-horse teams, flanked by outriders, they are probably the world's most exciting half-mile race. For many from far places, the Indian villages of Blackfoot, Stony and Sarcee tribes, living in their colourful teepees outside the corrals, were an unforgettable sight, and as much a part of the stampede as the toughest bronc-busters.

Covered wagons and cowboys proceed along one of the main streets of Calgary, in the province of Alberta, on the opening day of the fiftieth Calgary Stampede

WEALTH

The Sardauna of Sokoto, Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, Premier of Northern Nigeria, shakes hands with a Nigerian cadet training at the Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot. The Sardauna was at Aldershot as part of a nine-day visit to Britain, which included an audience of the Queen and talks with Mr. Macmillan



A reproduction of a cave painting on Chasm Island, near Groote Island, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, Northern Australia, made by the British artist, William Westall (1781-1850), during the Flinders expedition of 1801-3. Westall made many sketches and water-colours on this expedition, the first extensive graphic records of the Australian continent. Many of these are now on show in London (until August 4, at the Qantas Gallery) to coincide with their publication in book form by the Royal Commonwealth Society

TANGANYIKA

The Minister for Commerce and Industry discusses economic possibilities

Mr. C. G. Kahama, the Tanganyika Minister for Commerce and Industry, was in Britain recently at the head of an economic mission. While in London he issued a statement in which he described Tanganyika as a country of great economic potential, at present under-developed. He said that the Government had initiated a Three-Year Development Plan aimed at creating a favourable investment climate, and of raising the standard of living of the 10,000,000 people in Tanganyika in the shortest possible time. "This objective," he said, "can best be achieved by continuing to view the accessibility to the 23,000,000 East African market as an indispensable factor in this development programme."

Mr. Kahama went on to discuss Tanganyika's tourist potential, and its natural agricultural and mineral wealth. Exploitation of mineral wealth suffered from inadequate communications, although under the Development Plan this was being remedied as quickly as possible. He then referred to the Arthur D. Little report on the future of industry in Tanganyika, which was published recently in Dar-es-Salaam. The main finding of this report was that the country's industrial future would be based on the processing for export of domestic raw materials, or manufacture for export, rather than as a manufacturing centre processing imported materials for re-export. Mr. Kahama's statement confirmed that the Tanganyika Government would concentrate its efforts in this direction, and also that it was prepared to negotiate investment guarantee agreements to establish confidence. He said at a Press conference that he considered his visit, which included meetings with British ministers and industrialists, very successful. Before returning to Tanganyika he was to visit Pakistan, Hong Kong and Japan, who are among Tanganyika's principal trading partners.

BOOK REVIEWS

The impact of Western technology on African society

One of the greatest problems for societies in Africa and Asia when their own traditions are faced with Western technology, is how far this technology can be separated from the values and social institutions which grew up with it in the West.

We need clean drinking water for our people, and that means we must have analysts and doctors. Doctors mean universities to train them, and hospitals and scientific equipment and administrators. Thus we are forced to create your institutions; and because they must be paid for we must enter the world of economic competition; we must make our people want these things so that they will work for what they want. Yet we do not desire the extreme individualism of your society or the extreme collectivism of Russia.

These are the words of Mr. Julius Nyerere, the Tanganyikan African leader, spoken in conversation with Guy Hunter, in 1960, during researches for the latter's book THE NEW SOCIETIES OF TROPICAL AFRICA (Oxford University Press. 42s.). This important critique of a series of national societies is the result of a major inquiry carried out under the auspices of the Institute of Race Relations, between 1959 and 1961, by a team of which Mr. Hunter was the director. It was suggested by a director of a firm with widespread interests in Africa, that his general managers might be helped to make a reassessment of nearly all their old assumptions about what was now a nationalist instead of a colonial world. But the book has much wider implications than keeping businessmen up to date, although the societies are rightly placed very much in their agricultural and industrial context. Mr. Hunter's concluding chapter touches on the contrast between the thrusting individualism of the Western temperament, and the African who rates "service to the community" and "pleasant human relations" among the highest satisfactions. So, understandably, Socialism has a great attraction for African leaders. But Mr. Hunter still sees a definite and important role for overseas firms.

The seriousness of this crisis of traditional societies faced with the new technology, and of the need to find the balance mentioned by Mr. Nyerere, makes this book a vital one for politicians as well as businessmen.

For a different type of study of contemporary African society, just as valuable in its way, Janheinz Jahn's THROUGH AFRICAN DOORS (Faber and Faber. 30s.) merits notice. This differs from the usual "first-hand account" of travels in that Mr. Jahn determined to adapt himself to African conditions and local customs in the matter of eating, sleeping and travelling, to observe what he calls "re-Africanisation" at close quarters. His background knowledge of African art and literature (he is the author of *Muntu*, already a classic work on African culture) gives the book sufficient substance to make his experiment well worth reading about.

Ministers from the Federation of Southern Arabia arrive in London. Talks with the British Government on the inclusion of Aden in the Federation were to begin this week

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

ISLES OF VENICE

So much has been written about Venice and the city has had so many visitors that it is difficult to realise that its inhabitants are not just extras in a show put on for tourists. But Venetians are an individualistic, hard-working and gay people, with their own peculiar dialect. Very early in the morning during the summer season, or during the winter, are the best occasions to discover the life of the city. Then you can see all the essential services of a large city, from delivering the post and the milk to collecting the garbage, being carried out by boatmen in their launches or barges. The Venetian housewife is abroad early to do her shopping at the street markets, and in the maze of small canals life is carried on in the same way it has been for centuries.

Away from the main part of Venice are other small islands in the Venetian lagoon. This is a shallow expanse of water, 210 square miles in area and separated from the Adriatic by the long sandbar of the Lido. On many of the islands are miniature Venices, only now being developed for holiday-makers. Of these islands, Torcello bears witness to the shifting fortunes of the people of the area. At one time Torcello rivalled Venice and was the commercial centre of the islands. Its cathedral, founded in 640 and altered in 864 and 1008, is one of the most important churches of the Venetian Byzantine style. A tiny island, not far away, is San Francisco del Deserto, said to have been a retreat of St. Francis, and now a charming but lonely place. On the mainland, westwards from Venice, a number of seaside resorts are being developed. One of these is Caorle, on the mouth of the Livenza, an ancient fishing port with a Romanesque church. A feature is the port's long dyke, with bathing beaches on either side.

The animated bustle of the street market in the Ruga Degli Orefici, in Venice

In rural surroundings on the island of Torcello, a barge is loaded with hay

Fishing boats tied up at the quay in the ancient fishing port of Caorle, 30 miles from Venice at the mouth of the River Livenza

The cloisters of the Franciscan monastery on the island of San Francisco del Deserto

The Ponte Dei Pignoli spans one of the small canals or rii in a typical Venetian scene

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

POOR JOHN CLARE

I have been re-reading John Clare. Accepted literary opinion places Clare a good way down in the hierarchy of English poets: a long way below Shelley, for example. I would not dispute that (I have not the scholarship to do so anyway): all I can say is that I get a great deal more real pleasure, more happiness, from reading Clare than I do from reading Shelley.

Really, I suppose, it is silly to link the two. But both were poets and they were born within a year of each other: Shelley in 1792, Clare in 1793. It would be difficult to find a greater contrast than that between the birthplaces of these two: Shelley, the son of a landowner, born in a large and gracious house; Clare, the son of a farm-worker, born in the "gloomy cottage" at Helpston. I suppose that everyone knows what Shelley looked like: few know the portrait of the young John Clare by William Hilton. But, looking at that portrait (it is in the National Portrait Gallery) and not knowing who it is, most people, I believe, would say "that man was a poet." It is an innocent, unworldly, face: a weak face. But it is the eyes that hold the viewer. There is a strange intensity about them, and yet they are remote, looking inwards as it were, but still far-seeing: eyes that missed very little, one would say.

The portrait does not lie. John Clare was a poet of the eye, a man of virtually no education. His mother could not read, his father but little. But his father had a great store of ballads in his head and a good voice, his mother a great fund of folk-lore, and both had a great respect for education. John and his sister Sophy went to a dame-school, but their education had to be paid for by their work in the fields: three months' work in the fields, bird-scaring and the like, paid for one month's schooling. Clare learnt no more than how to read and write.

Brought up in extreme poverty—and the English peasant at the end of the eighteenth century, suffering the first blows of the enclosures, was poor—he never got sufficient education to enable him to cut himself loose from the peasant way of life. Perhaps, too, he had not the strength of character. He was at various times a herdsman, a militiaman, a vagrant, an unsuccessful farmer: and in 1837 life became too much for him, and he became insane.

Yet we may be thankful that Clare did not have more education. Clare's great virtue is that he never tried to be anything but himself: education would have made him try. He said of himself:

> A silent man in life's affairs,
> A thinker from a boy,
> A peasant in his daily cares,
> A poet in his joy.

Not many of us take such a realistic view of ourselves. Most of us are spurred (and many ruined) by ambition. Clare had no ambition. I do not know that he was ever content with his lot: but he was content to be himself.

> I found the poems in the fields
> And only wrote them down.

His own, very modest, words. But in them is the secret of John Clare. There have been many men, and particularly many Englishmen, who have written beautifully, and with deep insight, of the countryside; its birds and beasts and flowers and insects. But they have been educated men, gifted with a "seeing eye": observers, standing a little apart. For the "seeing eye" is conditioned by the brain behind it. Clare, though he was an exceptionally observant man, though he saw everything and remembered almost everything he saw, was not an observer, standing a little apart. He was the scene itself: as much a part of it as the robin or the flower or the fly of which he wrote. He never tried to be clever.

> Among the tawny, tasselled reed
> The ducks and ducklings float and feed.
> With head oft dabbing in the flood
> They fish all day the weedy mud,
> And tumbler-like are bobbing there,
> Heels topsy-turvey in the air.

Well, there is certainly nothing clever about that. Maybe, it is not even good poetry. But do you know a better picture of ducks in verse?

This, I think, is perhaps Clare's greatest virtue: that he was content with simple words to describe simple things. It may be said that he did not use more complicated words simply because he did not know them. But this is not true: he did know words which would not be used in his ordinary daily speech. He must have done, because he read. He did not use them because he never tried to be clever, never attempted to copy anybody else. He could easily have done so. He was, remember, introduced to London literary circles by his admirers. There must then have been an enormous temptation to "cash in," to try his pen upon more fashionable topics than ducks.

I have said that his portrait shows a weak face. I think I should have used the word "gentle." For he, obviously, had great integrity. He stuck to what he knew; the words he knew and the life he knew.

> When first we hear the shy-come nightingales,
> They seem to mutter o'er their songs in fear,
> And, climb we e'er so soft the spinney rails,
> All stops as if no bird was anywhere.
> The kindled bushes with the young leaves thin
> Let curious eyes to search a long way in,
> Until impatience cannot see or hear
> The hidden music; gets but little way
> Upon the path—when up the songs begin,
> Full loud a moment and then low again.
> But when a day or two confirms her stay
> Boldly she sings and loud for half the day;
> And soon the village brings the woodman's tale
> Of having heard the new-come nightingale.

I do not know how many of our poets have written about the nightingale. It is, certainly, a favourite bird among poets. Some famous poets, much more famous than poor John Clare, have extolled it. As poetry, maybe Clare's simple little verse cannot compare. But set his against even the most famous of the Odes: and what have you got? Truth: not fancy.

In the match between The Leys School and Mill Hill School at The Leys, Cambridge, D. B. Lockyer (The Leys) sees his shot stopped by D. R. Crafts

D. R. Crafts (Mill Hill) puts a ball past the wicket-keeper, C. S. J. Metcalf

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

THE LEYS

V.

MILL HILL

In their home game against Mill Hill, The Leys won the toss and batted first. The opening pair, Smail and Svehlik, both Colts, found Mill Hill's attack too quick for them. When D. A. R. Hulme and D. J. Rogers came together, the score was 32 for 3. They stayed until the total reached 90, when Rogers was l.b.w. Thereafter, the innings was dominated by Hulme, who, although missed in the slips off the last ball before lunch, batted purposefully for his 81. The Leys declared at 209 for 9 and left the visitors 2½ hours' batting. The opening pair stayed together until after tea but were dismissed soon afterwards. Armistead, the captain, was then joined by A. W. Dyer. Both looking for runs, they added 75 before being dismissed by W. R. Shield. Armistead remained at the wicket to act as runner for P. J. Russell, who with R. D. West scored the necessary runs and Mill Hill passed 209 with five wickets in hand. It was Mill Hill's first victory over The Leys since 1952.

The captains toss—N. D. W. Armistead (Mill Hill) and R. J. Royce.
Right: The Leys opening pair—P. J. T. Svehlik and M. A. Smail

D. J. Rogers (The Leys) drives. Wicket-keeper is A. W. Dyer

Mill Hill go out to field, led by their captain, Armistead

D. A. R. Hulme (The Leys) plays to the off

P. A. H. Symes (The Leys) turns a ball past leg-slip

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Last year John Fisk sailing the catamaran *Hellcat*, with its designer Roderick Macalpine Downie as his crew, won a match against the fastest catamaran selected by the Eastern Multihull Sailing Association of America. The sailing match was the outcome of a challenge issued by Fisk two years previously, and during the series of match races *Hellcat* gained a most convincing victory.

The prize was the First International Catamaran Challenge Trophy, which is administered by the Sea Cliff Yacht Club, Long Island, by deed of gift from the Multihull Association. The club on this side was John Fisk's own club, the Chapman Sands S.C. It did not take the Americans very long to issue a challenge for a return match. This was accepted by the Chapman Sands S.C. For some time there was doubt where the return match should be sailed, and what was more important, who should be the defender.

When I saw *Hellcat's* designer, who is outstanding in catamaran design, a few months ago, he told me that he had put a great deal of his own time and resources into the Hellcat venture, and was not prepared to do the same again. He was quite ready, of course, to produce a new design if anyone came along offering patronage. There was uncertainty about the venue as well, for the Chapman Sands S.C.'s own waters would not be suitable for such an important event.

I hear now that preparations for the match are well on the way. The Thorpe Bay Y.C. has undertaken to organise the match, and the series of races is to start on September 24 in the Thames Estuary. The event will take the form of a series of match races, the boat first scoring four wins being declared the winner.

The courses to be used will be of the Olympic pattern. Conveniently they will have been laid for the national championship of the International Flying Dutchman class to be held in Thorpe Bay during the preceding week.

This leaves the question of the defender. There is no new design by Macalpine Downie available, but John Fisk is having a new vessel built to the design of F. M. Montgomery, the *Flying Rocket*, which I understand is in an advanced stage of preparation. Other potential defenders include the original prototype of the previous challenger, *Hellcat, Mark I*, to be entered by Messrs. Holloway and Norris and a boat of radical design to be entered by Julian Allen. Selection trials are to be held from which should emerge the defender. On the other side of the Atlantic meanwhile, I understand, more than a dozen catamarans are available from which to choose the challenger.

The R.Y.A. are getting tough with racing owners on the subject of registration certificates. The International Racing Rule 19 requires that every yacht entering a race shall hold a valid measurement or rating certificate. The R.Y.A. prescription to this rule allows the owner of a yacht, who holds a valid certificate and who cannot produce it, to sign an undertaking to produce the certificate within fourteen days. Cases have been reported where owners, having signed such undertakings, have failed to honour them.

Now, to help clubs and to prevent sailing secretaries being involved in lengthy correspondence, a new provision is added by the R.Y.A. Council to the prescription. This allows the organising club to demand a deposit of not more than £3 in such cases " which may be forfeited if such certificate or true copy is not submitted to the club within such fourteen days."

Crescendo (Glen Foster), from the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, U.S.A., which won the Points Cup during Prince of Wales Week at Weymouth (from July 9-14)

Some of the 230 yachts taking part in this season's Island Sailing Club Gold Roman Challenge Bowl off the Isle of Wight. This is a race round the Island open to yachts between 16 and 36 ft. long

A view of the 18th green and the clubhouse at the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, at Deal, Kent

From left are, Colonel Charles Newman, V.C.; Mr. J. E. Aisher (captain); Mrs. Stanfield (Ladies' captain) and Mr. G. J. M. Dickinson (secretary)

Mr. Wade; Mr. O'Neil Tolhurst; Mr. Musgrave Wood and Mr. Pat Farrell. **Below:** From left are Mr. Townend, Mr. McAlpin, Air Vice-Marshal J. Hill and Air Marshal Sir Patrick Lee Potter

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

ROYAL CINQUE PORTS

The club professional, Eddie Goodwin, instructs a younger member, Stephen Nicholas. **Below:** From left, Mr. J. F. E. Short; Mr. James Linington; Mr. D. B. Miller (stooping) and Mr. J. E. Miller (putting)

The Cinque Ports are an association of maritime towns on the south coast, containing many celebrated golf clubs within their span from Seaford, in Sussex, to Birchington, in Kent. The Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club is one of the most famous, situated on the Kent coast at Deal. It was formed on June 4, 1892, at a special ceremony at the Black Horse Hotel in Deal. Originally a nine-hole course, but soon enlarged to eighteen, it became "Royal" in 1908 when the Prince of Wales became president. The Open Championship was played here in 1920, and the Halford Hewitt tournament for Public Schools is held here annually. 6,414 yards long (S.S.S. 74), the course is noted for its undulating ground and true greens with fine-textured grass. The prevailing wind is from the south-west, so that the inward holes, particularly the last four, can be an ordeal to even the best golfers. The clubhouse is well-appointed with fine views of the course and of the shipping between the coast and the Goodwin Sands from the upper windows.

Next in this series will be Grims Dyke Golf Club, Middlesex, in the issue of August 4

TRAVEL

MEANDERING IN NORMANDY

By **GORDON COOPER**

Craft at the quayside in the attractive sea-port of Honfleur

Old timbered houses line the cobbled Place d'Arpajou, in Dieppe

Despite its proximity to Britain, Normandy remains comparatively unknown to the English traveller. Its coast and hinterland—a land of forests and apple-orchards and lush pasture lands—can be easily reached by means of the excellent car-ferry service between Lydd and Le Touquet (Silver City); by British Railways cross-Channel services to Dieppe and to Le Havre; and the car-ferry between Bournemouth (Hurn) and Cherbourg.

My own zig-zag motor tour through Normandy started from Le Touquet, with a lunch-halt at Montreuil, then on to Amiens, with its Gothic cathedral, one of the finest and largest churches in France, and then to Forge-les-Eaux for a night's lodging. This small town and spa had its day of glory early in the seventeenth century when Louis XIII and his Queen, Anne of Austria, came here to solve the problem of the latter's eighteen-year sterility. Since then, this little town has dropped from the pages of history, although the ghosts of cavaliers and their ladies still seem to haunt the spa.

Next on my itinerary was the peaceful little town of Gournay, famous for its delicious cream cheeses, after which I came to Gisors, whose castle was built by William Rufus, of which only the keep and two towers remain. Here is the curiously ornamented church of Saints Gervais and Protais. The countryside along this eastern border of Normandy is delightful, and many of the little towns and villages have links with the historic past. On my way to Evreux I called at the small twin towns of Les Andelys in order to visit the famous Castle Gaillard, built on a steep cliff above the Seine by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1196. From this summit there is a glorious view of the river, while the castle, needless to say, is linked with a curious romantic legend.

Evreux, a night-halt, has an interesting cathedral, but this quite important centre was for me merely the stepping-stone to Le Bec-Hellouin, with its remains of the once powerful Abbey of Bec, several of whose sons played an important part in the medieval Church in England. The environment of this old abbey is delectable.

And so to Rouen, which has now largely recovered from its dreadful war wounds although that masterpiece of Gothic architecture the Palais de Justice still remains a mere shell, with only the façade to show what a treasure has been lost. The cathedral, however, is now completely restored. The ancient Gros Horloge still spans its little street. The churches of St. Maclou (and its nearby streets) and St. Ouen repay a visit, while the Art Gallery contains one of the best collections of paintings and sculptures in provincial France; nor should you miss the nearby Ironwork Museum.

Following the winding Seine valley towards Le Havre, the chief places of interest are Jumièges (impressive abbey ruins), the largely reconstructed Abbey of St. Wandrille, but whose ruins offer a haunting setting of evocative beauty, and nearby Caudebec, whose houses were once the glory of Normandy. This was almost completely destroyed in the war, but its fine church of Notre-Dame survived.

Twelve miles further is Lillebonne, with the remains of a Roman theatre and a fortress, on the road to Le Havre which is absolutely modern. From this great port a fine coastal road leads through St-Valery, where the 51st (Highland) Division was trapped in 1940, and Fécamp, with its Benedictine Distillery, to Dieppe, where you must surely appreciate the appetising *sole dieppoise*.

The ruins of Castle Gaillard, built above the Seine at Les Andelys by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1196

Returning to Caudebec on my own trip, I crossed by free car-ferry to the other bank of the Seine; my companion, a Scot, was amazed at not having to pay, contrasting it with Scottish ferries and their often high charges. Honfleur is a most attractive sea-port and to be recommended for a holiday. Here one need never feel dull, while there are good bathing beaches within easy reach. There are also excellent beaches at the various seaside resorts to the west, including Trouville and fashionable Deauville. Outside the short high season these places can be rather bleak and dull.

Caen, another night-halt, is vastly changed since I knew it in 1944, and it is now an almost entirely modern city. But this one-time headquarters of William the Conqueror has still surviving, almost miraculously, its irreplaceable old churches, Abbaye aux Hommes and Abbaye aux Dames. Caen, too, is the home of a favourite dish, *Tripes à la mode de Caen*. It is also the gateway to Falaise, the Conqueror's birthplace and the scene of an annihilation which broke the Germans' resistance in the West in 1944. There is a recess in the Castle of Caen where the Bastard is said to have been born. In fact, the present building dates from at least 200 years after the days of his father's left-handed marriage.

Bayeux is notable for its magnificent cathedral, famed for the splendour of its ritual; also for that venerable piece of linen, known (erroneously) as Queen Matilda's Tapestry. It is surely one of France's greatest art treasures, and will prove fascinating to every Englishman, even though it is really a piece of Norman propaganda for the Conquest.

Along the coast in this corner of Normandy are the vast invasion beaches, grand stretches of sand, mostly bare of nearby resorts. Anyone wishing to escape the crowds will find solitude in the sleepy, picturesque little fishing villages of St-Vaast-La-Houge and Barfleur. It is interesting to note that the latter was the most important centre of communication between Normandy and England until the end of the twelfth century; and it was off this coast that in 1120, Prince William, only son of Henry I of England, was drowned on the White Ship with his sister and 300 other men and women; there was only one survivor.

The Cotentin is perhaps not so green and fertile as the rest of Normandy, and in parts we are in the harsher land of Brittany. But it is a pleasant countryside through which to travel, with some vast, colourful heaths on which graze flocks of sheep. In its south-west corner, too, there is Coutances with its glorious cathedral, perhaps the most beautiful building in France—fitly named "The Christian Pantheon." On the border of Brittany is "La Merveille," the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel, which will amaze even the most casual traveller. Not only is it the most visited monument in France, but must surely rank as one of Europe's greatest wonders.

I have only space to make a mere mention of Southern Normandy, with its peaceful countryside and typical villages. The Orne region is particularly attractive, and Alençon is a good base from which to explore it. Incidentally, the roads in Normandy are good and almost free of traffic. I found also that prices are generally reasonable. Altogether, with its landscape and historic buildings, and above all its tranquillity, there are few parts of Europe which can be better recommended for a holiday.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Forges-les-Eaux..... *Château de l'Epinay*
Evreux..... *Grand Cerf*
Rouen..... *Poste*
Caudebec..... *Marine*
Honfleur..... *Ferme St-Siméon*
Caen..... *Moderne*, also *Restaurant Le Rabelais*
Coutances..... *Moderne*
Alençon..... *Grand Cerf*, also *Restaurant Petit Vatel*

For further information, apply to the French Government Tourist Office, 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Useful reading is Vivian Rowe's *Return to Normandy* (out of print), also the Blue Guide to *North-Western France*.

BOOKS

DAME NELLIE MELBA

Singing the praises of a famous prima donna; studies of wits by Hesketh Pearson; this week's fiction

There are those who enjoy grand opera and those in whom the very words induce cold shivers. Similarly, there are people with a real and vivid interest in the lives of the great prima donnas, preferably as they used to be in more expansive times—and those who would as soon read about Benjamin Bunny. In Mr. Joseph Wechsberg we recognise a writer who simply loves opera and who relishes all the larger-than-life-size activities and fugues of the great women singers. The proof lies in RED PLUSH AND BLACK VELVET: THE STORY OF DAME NELLIE MELBA AND HER TIMES (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.), a tome dedicated " To all my prima donnas with apologies and affection," and bearing all the marks of a man who exemplifies the purest partisanship since he has written here that " Nellie Melba was *the* perfect prima donna." Mr. Wechsberg's biography is detailed, amusing and full of zest. To say that it is appreciative is like saying that the Pacific Ocean is damp. Whatever the reader feels about the Queen of Song—her contemporary title—he is likely to enjoy this study of her very much indeed.

LIVES OF THE WITS (Heinemann. 30s.) is remarkable on two counts: that it is the most entertaining collection of studies of such inimitable characters as Max Beerbohm, Wilde, Sheridan and Disraeli, and that it shows Mr. Hesketh Pearson's own talent in the manner which most becomes him. " Pity a wit," wrote Sydney Smith to a friend, but there need be no pity for the subjects of Mr. Pearson's biographical brilliance. He has already written at greater length about Labouchere, the " Smith of Smiths," Wilde and W. S. Gilbert. Now, in a generously-styled volume, he writes of them again, freshly, among the fourteen examples of wits he had chosen. A book like this must be endlessly quotable and, equally, of course, there is not room to do that. What a pleasure, though, is in store for its readers.

THE STRANGLED CRY (Bodley Head. 21s.) contains not only Mr. John Strachey's essay of that name, dealing with the work of Koestler, Orwell, Whittaker Chambers and Pasternak and written in 1960, but much of his other writings, also in essay form, as he has chosen. In these further short pieces Mr. Strachey reflects on Germany's misfortunes and crimes between 1918 and the present day, includes some of his first-hand war reporting, much of which is memorable, especially his well-known account of his experiences as Air Raid Warden during the blitz; and amusing yet scholarly pieces on India, *The Temple of Love*, and the Webbs, Trotsky, Kenneth Galbraith and Victor Gollancz. A deeply interesting collection and the fruit of a distinguished intellect.

Photograph by Anthony Crickmay

IMPROVISATIONS—John Gilpin and Dianne Carter in Jack Carter's new ballet, with which the Festival Ballet opened their season at the Royal Festival Hall, London

When some years ago Mr. Ritchie Calder made a speech before the Hunterian Society, he was asked to be provocative and succeeded most notably since one of his stated opinions there was that before 1935 the physician was no better than a Medicine Man. In THE LIFE SAVERS (Hutchinson. 21s.) Mr. Calder, who is at present Professor of International Relations at Edinburgh University, has prolonged his argument and has given a long and vivid account of the armoury of drugs now at the call of a modern doctor, with reference particularly to the work being done by medical units for relieving distress in the least privileged parts of the modern world. Mr. Calder brings a warmhearted liveliness to his reporting that makes his facts come to life.

ROME: THE FIRST THOUSAND YEARS (Collins. 25s.) is the slightly daunting title of Signor Indro Montanelli's lucidly-written and attractive history which has been composed with the laudable intention of revitalising the figures of the Roman past. " Nothing is more boring than to follow a story in which the characters are monuments," writes the author. " What makes the history of Rome great is not that it was made by men different from, but that it was made by men like ourselves. There was nothing supernatural about them." And there is nothing boring about this spirited reconstruction, with its excellent translation by Mr. Arthur Oliver.

Miss Ethel Mannin's new novel is called CURFEW AT DAWN (Hutchinson. 21s.). The

ASIAN WARFARE

Tactics and battles today and yesterday

The Asian lands, China, Burma, Tibet, Malaya, are dominant in the publishers' current lists, and the accent is on war rather than peace.

Captain Liddell Hart, eminent military historian and student of grand strategy, writes the foreword to GUERILLA WARFARE (Cassell. 25s.), a volume containing the military epistles of Mao Tse-tung and of his ardent imitator Che Guevara, the Argentine-born son of an architect who did so much to ensure Castro's victory against heavy odds in Cuba. Liddell Hart makes the point that in the past guerilla warfare has almost invariably been the weapon of the weaker side and primarily defensive in scope. Now in an age possibly of atomic stalemate the situation has changed; for the threat of using nuclear weapons to curb guerillas is as absurd as the use of a sledgehammer to ward off a swarm of mosquitoes. Meanwhile, preparations for nuclear and conventional warfare are draining the world's economics, even though they are no longer practical instruments of national policy. Both Mao and Guevara here reveal their blue prints for success, and both of them are clearly of one mind in saying " Do not fix guerilla organisation. Tailor it to your needs." It is well for us to know something about that tailoring.

The China which is fast emerging from Mao's guerilla war, which ended when the rump of the Nationalist Government withdrew to Formosa under Chiang Kai-shek, is described by Victor Purcell in a volume that reflects his own extensive travels in this expanding land of 700,000,000 people. CHINA (Ernest Benn. 37s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the " Nations of the Modern World " series, and it is written with a great sense of fairness, a determination to avoid the stock denigration that here is a colony of slaves, an ant heap of the Oriental world. Mr. Purcell, on the other hand, does not fall over himself in admiration of the People's China; although he does try to explain away the Tibetan holocaust with a certain glibness that will find no favour with those who feel that the freedom and culture of an ancient people has been swept aside. Mr. Purcell emphasizes in his conclusions that there can be no effective world settlement without the participation of modern China.

MY LAND AND MY PEOPLE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.) is the autobiography of the Dalai Lama, as edited by David Howarth. Here, indeed, is a powerful riposte to all who try to excuse the Chinese action in Tibet. The Dalai Lama declares that, under threat of intrusion, he and his ministers evolved a new constitution, reorganising Tibet on non-feudal lines. They would have done this if they had been allowed to do so, but the Chinese were simply not interested, wanting the broad expanse of Tibet for their growing population and casting envious eyes on the accumulated wealth of this unique nation. The Dalai Lama is grateful that he, and thousands of his fellow refugees from Tibet, have been given facilities in India to continue their deep religious traditions. His abiding faith emerges through what has been a difficult, but certainly appears to be an effective, translation.

One day perhaps we shall have a new edition of that celebrated classic *Decisive Battles of the World*, and, brought up to date, it will have to include the Battle of Imphal, that incredible encounter when the Japanese, moving secretly through the jungle, struck with whirlwind force against the British and Indian soldiers of the 4th Corps, cutting them off from the outside world, except by air. Lieut.-General Sir Geoffrey Evans and Antony Brett-James re-create this fateful battle in their book IMPHAL: A FLOWER ON LOFTY HEIGHTS (Macmillan. 32s.). This is the narrative of four months of bitter fighting, a victory in part for the power of allied air supply and a military disaster for the Japanese which, if things had gone the other way, would have led to the invasion of India. This same battle figures largely also in DEFEAT INTO VICTORY (Cassell. 25s.), the first abridged edition of Field-Marshal Viscount Slim's account of the Burma War. This abridgement of the original work of 600 pages has been superbly done, but it is hard indeed to know whether we would have it a page shorter, for Slim writes with enormous sympathy when telling how men endured and triumphed in one of the most exacting of all campaigns.

An earlier example of defeat fashioned into victory is provided by the sea battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands. In the first engagement, in November 1914, Britain's encounter with the new and untried German Navy ended in disaster when our cruiser squadron under Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock was decisively defeated by von Spee's powerful East Asiatic squadron off the coast of Chile. Within six weeks Coronel was avenged at the Battle of the Falkland Islands, an action that owed much to the genius of Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Geoffrey Bennett has made a comprehensive study of these two engagements, and in CORONEL AND THE FALKLANDS (Batsford. 25s.) he gives an analysis of the strategy and tactics combining it with vivid accounts based on the reports of surviving eye-witnesses.

Richard Edmonds

list of her books over the past forty years is an impressive one—deals with the tragedy of a man who becomes deaf and blind when he is only sixteen. Miss Mannin writes, however, of a tragedy redeemed and there is nothing morbid about the story she tells with her very individual forcefulness and vigour.

Miss Charity Blackstock's THE GALLANT (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is a novel with the qualities of compassion and humour which we recognise from such earlier books of hers as *The Briar Patch*. Allied to that kind of simplicity of style, an impression of effortlessness where, in fact, there has been a high degree of work and care, the author can be hailed as one well on her way to the first ranks of contemporary fiction writers. Her story is about a youngish man who, because he needs the money, accepts the disagreeable job of following someone else's daughter to France, whither she has eloped with an unscrupulous gigolo type. He finds the girl and, to his surprise, falls in love with her in the setting of Arles and the ancient Provençal countryside. This is something more than just another readable novel: it has its own haunting manner and its own charm.

From France come three novels by distinguished writers: M. Henri Troyat, *Académicien* and winner of many literary prizes; M. Roger Vailland, who wrote *The Law*; and Vercors, author of the unforgettable *Silence de la Mer*. THE ENCOUNTER (Alvin Redman. 21s.) is the final volume in M. Troyat's series about the France of our own times and two families who, in their contrasted ways, express many of the most basic of their country's characteristics. Written with great warmth and with a first-hand experience of the background and atmosphere which is inimitable. M. Vailland's new book, TURN OF THE WHEEL (Jonathan Cape. 15s.), is short and, on the whole, disappointing; the story of an unusual marriage breaking up through equally unusual causes. The whole thing is subtle enough and M. Vailland couldn't write badly if he tried, but there is an uneasy hollowness to the tale. Vercors' SYLVA (Hutchinson. 16s.) will inevitably be compared with David Garnett's *Lady Into Fox*, though in this case the transformation is in reverse. Sylva has been changed from a vixen into a woman, while remaining as wild as her original self. This is a fantasy and a love-story but it lacks the magic that such imaginative excursions should have. Good translations by Mr. Gerard Hopkins, Mr. Peter Wiles and Mlle. Rita Barisse respectively.

Thrillers and detective stories for your list are four in number and high in quality. NIGHTMARE (Gollancz. 15s.), by Miss Anne Blaisdell, is set in deepest Wales and is concerned with a young American who comes to the British Isles to spend a legacy on a dashing new Jaguar and a tour of the country, which is to include a visit to the highly eccentric mother of her dead fiancé. Improbable in some of its details but compulsive reading just the same. THE CRIME AT HONOTASSA (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.) is something quite new: a murder mystery by Miss M. G. Eberhart—so far, so familiar—but a murder story against a background of a southern state during the most crucial part of the American Civil War, and that, from Miss Eberhart, is new indeed. It is also highly recommended by your reviewer. DO IT YOURSELF DOOM (Gollancz. 15s.), by Mr. Stephen Prickett, has a certain originality, too. This whodunit opens on a canal barge during a holiday cruise—"Moonshine Tours have great recuperative and health-giving value." But the salubrious effects are rather cancelled out by the discovery of a corpse and the disappearance of a carving knife. Clever story line and more than a touch of humour. THE WANDERING WIDOWS (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.) is by Miss Elizabeth Ferrars, which means that it has scarcely a banal situation and much that is ingenious, human and funny. Quite thrilling.

Vernon Fane

A woman (Avril Elgar) declares her love for Russell (John Meillon) in *The Blood of the Bambergs*

PLAYS FOR ENGLAND

at the Royal Court Theatre

John Osborne's new work for the Royal Court consists of two plays. One is called *The Blood of the Bambergs* and is a satirical fantasy set in a Ruritania with strong similarities to England. Its initial situation concerns an Australian Press photographer pressed into marriage with a Princess since he bears a striking resemblance to the Princess's fiancé, killed in a car smash. The second play, entitled *Under Plain Cover*, is a tragi-comic fable about two young people with psychological divergencies, who live in Leicester.

Tim (Anton Rodgers) and Jenny (Ann Beach) in *Under Plain Cover*

Russell and the Princess (Vivian Pickles)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

W. G. Mitchell

President of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors, Mr. W. G. Mitchell, C.B.E., comes of a civil engineering family and has himself vast experience in this industry. William Greenwood Mitchell was born in Glasgow in 1897 and educated at Cheltenham College and University College, London. In the 1914-18 War, he was commissioned to the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1915 and served for two years in India and 1½ years in Mesopotamia. He then spent a year as a junior engineer with Sir William Arrol and Co. Ltd. in Glasgow before joining, in 1920, the family business of Mitchell Brothers, Sons and Company Ltd. The company has a long history of civil engineering; it now specialises mainly in tunnelling. Mr. Mitchell was appointed a director in 1923 and ten years later he became chairman, an office he still holds. The company was one of the thirty-four founder-members of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors and Mr. Mitchell has been actively associated with the Federation since 1941. He has been a member of the Council since 1946, was its chairman in 1950-51 and became its president in 1960. Safety is a matter in which he is keenly interested and he has been largely responsible for the industry's safety campaign. Other appointments which are held by Mr. Mitchell include membership of the Council of the British Employers' Confederation; of the Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries; and of the Industrial Health Advisory Committee which was set up by the Ministry of Labour. Mr. Mitchell is married, with one married daughter. His hobby is golf

BOOST FOR THE TV MAKERS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It became fashionable to say a few years ago in the United States that "What this economy needs is a good new five-hundred-dollar durable." And it is still, to some degree, true. The point that these businessmen were making was that the consumer durables on which American private buying had reached its heights—motor-cars, radios, tape-recorders, even outboard motor-boats—were all in their turn reaching some degree of saturation. Not everybody owned every one of the prestigious mechanical armoury of comforts; but most of the people most likely to want any one of them had bought one. There was considerable business to be done in simply replacing all this equipment of leisure as it wore out. But for expansion, the American economy needed an invention everyone would want—and costing, if possible, more than a deepfreeze or a motor mower.

It would be exaggerating to say that a few weeks ago the British economy acquired the equivalent of a new $500 durable; but the Pilkington Committee, apart from the commercial and political furore it caused, did its bit in this direction. In one sense, indeed, it did offer Britain a new £350-£700 durable, depending on which manufacturers' estimate you take of the likely price of a colour television set. But that tempting commercial prospect is still some way off. What Pilkington has offered, in the somewhat nearer future, is the possibility of significantly accelerating the replacement of Britain's 12,000,000 television sets. It has given new hopes to the television industry—though the industry is not hoping for too much too soon.

And the industry can use some encouragement. Its sales have responded somewhat to the stimulus of a cut in hire purchase deposits, as they responded in 1960 to similar measures. But in general, this seems to be merely the bunching of replacement demand. How many people do you know—apart from the diehard intellectual snobs, so concerned to spare their children the "trash," that their children are probably sneaking next door to look at a neighbour's box—who don't own a television set?

To manufacturers who have had to suffer the uncomfortable transition from a growth industry to one filling a replacement demand on an article owned in large numbers but liable to display a disconcerting longevity, the chance of a switch to 625-line transmission, over the years, is obviously welcome.

It is true that the transition will be spread out over quite a time. Indeed, the recommendations of the Pilkington Committee, like those of the technical Television Advisory Committee in 1960, set the timetable in relation to the assumed working life of an average set, seven-and-a-half years. In theory, this would simply mean that when you come, in the ordinary way, to replace your television set, you buy a 625-line set to replace your present 405-line model.

In practice, however, this technical change is likely, commercially, to mean rather more. For one thing, do ordinary viewers replace their sets as soon as the figures suggest they might? In the early days of mass television ownership, the cathode ray tubes rather often seemed to fail dramatically; hence the rise of specialised insurance and repair services. Moreover, the screens were steadily getting bigger, making one's own seem cramped and out of date.

One has the impression that in recent years the incidence of failure in tubes has diminished; minor things go wrong with sets still, but major things rather less often. Moreover, the appeal of the larger screen, in small homes, pretty soon has a "diminishing return." A 17-inch screen is about twice the area of a 12-inch screen; a 19-inch screen offers only about a fifth more viewing area than a 17-inch.

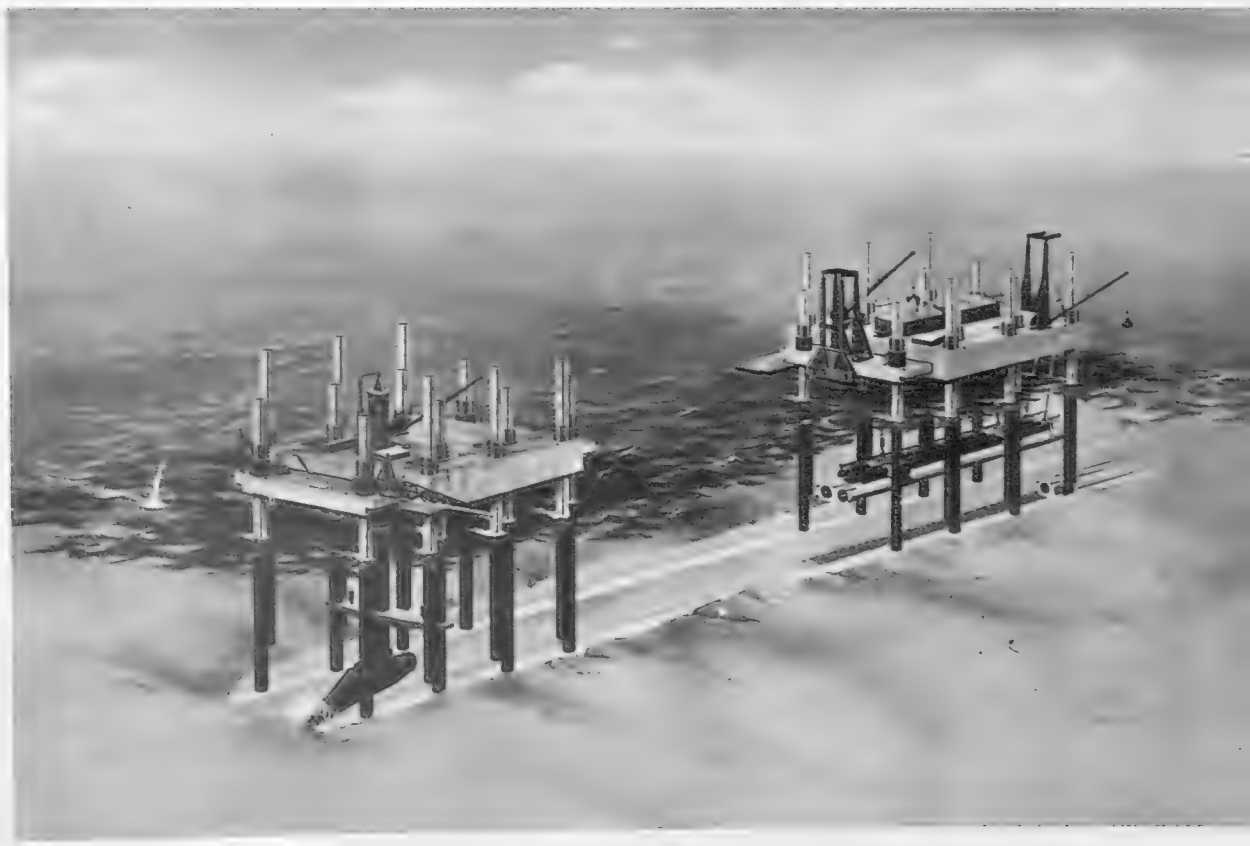
So there may well be a tendency to hold on to television sets longer than the working life that the market planners assume. These sets have not yet acquired quite the longevity of the radio set, which is an embarrassingly durable consumer good: its quality of reproduction may deteriorate, but it still offers recognisable communication of what is said or played for very many years. Given the transistor, today's models may live to an even riper old age.

The incidence of 625-line transmission, some clever advertising about far better quality reproduction and being in the swim—these should offer the industry's sales managers quite an opportunity to accelerate the replacement of Britain's sets. It may also enable them to move the conventionally-accepted average size of screen up again. One trouble with the "big screen" set using 405-line transmission was, simply, that the lines got too far apart; and on a big screen, in an average-sized room, the picture looks much less "solid" than it did on the relatively "tiny" 12-inch screens we used to own. The 625-line transmission should help manufacturers move up towards 23-inch and 30-inch screens (providing the box doesn't get too big and dominant.

Technically, the change will offer no particular difficulty for the makers; many of them have made 625-line screens for export for years. One argument for the new line standard, indeed, was that many (not all) countries abroad use it; so it may facilitate exports of sets. There are sceptical pessimists who argue that it will simply open the door to many more imports: our different system has been a protection as well as a barrier to large-scale exporting. What is perhaps most likely is some increase in trade both ways.

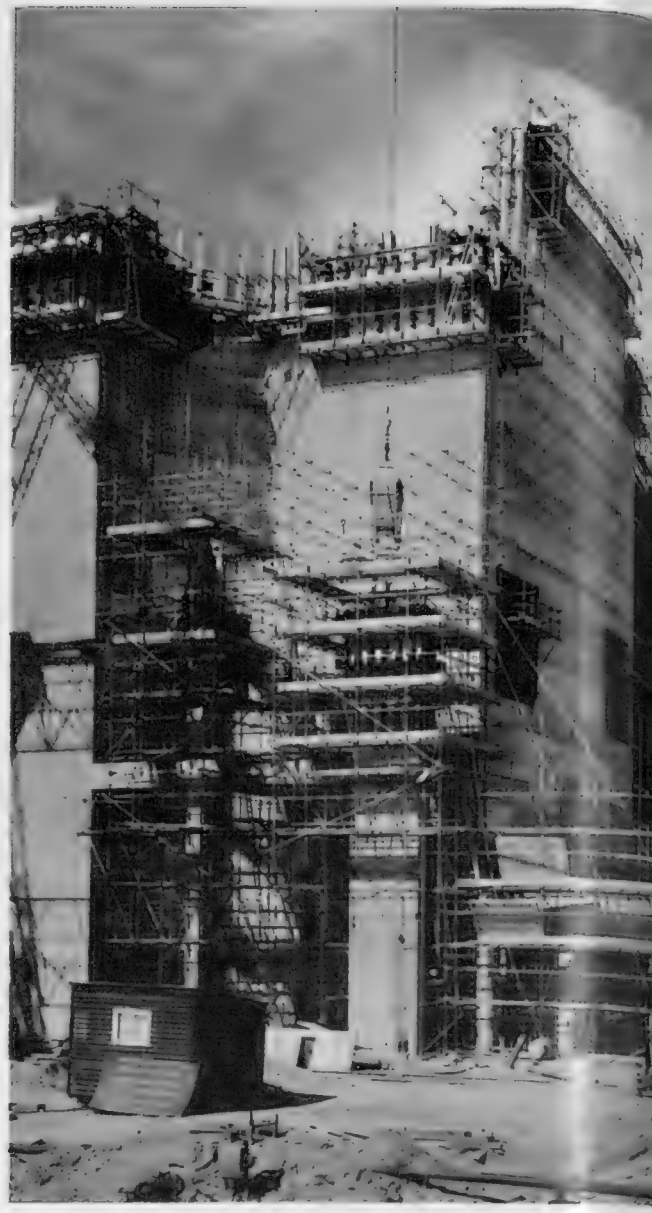
Another important aspect of this development and for the industry, is a good deal of business to be done in transmitting equipment. Use of higher frequencies for the 625-line system reduces the range of each transmitting station: to get equivalent coverage of the viewing population one will need more, less-powerful transmitters.

The eventual introduction of "compatible" colour television (i.e., able to be received in black and white as well as colour) may certainly offer, in some years' time, a compelling reason for us all to buy a yet more expensive kind of receiver. Research, admittedly, is likely to bring the price further down; but the transmission of colour is inherently more complex than black-and-white communication. So far, in the United States, the number of colour receivers in use is growing slowly: the price is still fairly high. Some manufacturers, indeed, are sceptical about mass willingness to pay more and put in a more complicated apparatus into the home, simply for colour. Penny plain and twopence coloured, yes; but when did you last pay more to go into a cinema to see a Technicolor film?



An artist's impression of equipment proposed for building a Channel tunnel by the entrenched-tube method. The platform on the left holds a cutter suction dredger. This would dredge a trench into which would be laid concrete tubes in 500-ft. lengths, lowered from the platform on the right. Both platforms are designed to stand on the sea-bed and to be raised 50 ft. above the sea. By means of retractable legs and sliding one deck over the other, each platform is capable of "walking" along the sea-bed. An international consortium of American, French and British firms have proposed to build the Channel tunnel in this way. Sir Richard Costain said recently he believed the consortium was the only one able to quote a fixed price and time, guaranteed by a performance bond. British members of the consortium are Richard Costain Ltd.; Balfour Beatty and Co. Ltd.; Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd.; A.E.I and English Electric

A pre-cast 16-ton section of water conduit is lowered into a trench at Oldbury, Gloucestershire, a power station being built by Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co. Ltd., for the Central Electricity Generating Board



Work in progress on the two reactor buildings at the 580-MW. nu by the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow A

CIVIL ENGINEERING

By **Gerard F. Egan,** *Chairman of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors*

Civil engineering contracting is one part, and a very important part, of the constructional industries. Whereas the building industry provides our houses, shops, offices, schools, hospitals and similar structures, the civil engineering industry is engaged in the task of harnessing the forces of nature to the use of man. The provision of ports and docks, sea defence works, the control and regulation of rivers for water supply or power purposes, the provision of irrigation and drainage—all of these are examples of the work done by the civil engineering industry.

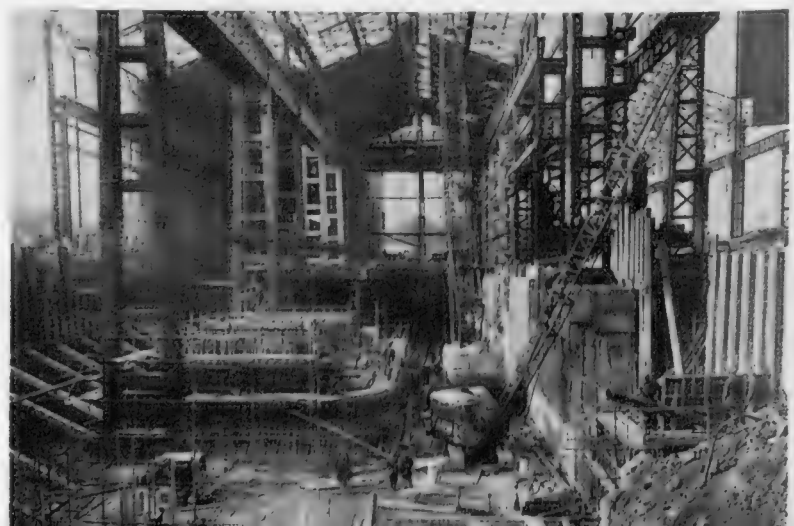
So are various systems of communication and transport, the construction of railways, of roads, and of airfields. Civil engineering construction does much directly for many of our manufacturing industries. It builds the steelworks, the shipyards, the oil refineries and the power stations, including the nuclear power plants which provide the energy for all manufacturing industries. It is involved in the production of coal, both indirectly and directly, in the form of open-cast mining.

The achievements and range of the industry are, in general, too little known or appreciated by the public because much of this work is carried out in remote places. Some of it is not seen until completion, such as the large and important tunnelling contracts that resulted in the London Underground transport system.

The Romans introduced civil engineering to Britain. Many of our present roads follow the routes of those built by the Romans almost 2,000 years ago. In many cases, considering the centuries that have passed, they are too little improved. By its very nature, however, civil engineering contracting services other industries and it was, therefore, at the time of the Industrial Revolution in the eighteenth century that the major development of the industry into the form in which it exists today began to take shape. The mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire, with their large demand on water supply, called for the control of rivers and the provision of dams and reservoirs. At the same time, there was an urgent economic demand for improvement in transport. This led to the construction of the canal system of the country which started about the middle

The excavation of a cutting in magnesium limestone by vehicles of Dowsett Engineering Construction, working on the re-alignment of the A.1 on the Aberford By-pass, Yorkshire

The new reinforced concrete Furnace Cellar for Steel, Peech and Tozer at Rotherham, under construction. Main contractors, Tarmac Civil Engineering Limited



ver station at Sizewell, in Suffolk, being constructed
ver Group for the Central Electricity Generating Board

The Don River Bridge, the largest bridge project on the Doncaster Motorway, has two parallel structures 760 ft. long and 100 ft. above river level. The main contractors are Holland & Hannen and Cubitts Limited

The mass concrete buttress-type dam at Lamaload, in the valley of the River Dean, north-east of Macclesfield, Cheshire, which is being built by Richard Costain (Civil Engineering) Limited for the Macclesfield Corporation

of the eighteenth century and continued until it was overtaken by the construction of the railways in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Throughout the nineteenth century the British civil engineering industry was pre-eminent the world over. One has only to contemplate structures such as the Forth Railway Bridge, the Severn Tunnel, the Manchester Ship Canal, the rail and road bridges over the Menai Straits. It must be remembered that these and many other contemporary structures were carried out without any of the assistance of modern plant and machinery. Therefore it is no surprise that in those days British contractors were engaged in railway construction and other civil engineering work on the Continent of Europe, in Asia, in North and South America, and in all the other parts of the world which were then British possessions.

The increased industrialisation of these other countries developed indigenous, efficient civil engineering industries. Nevertheless, British civil engineering contractors have retained a leading place in the world. Many major civil engineering projects in all parts of Africa, the Near East, in India, in South America, in Canada and Australia are still obtained in world-wide competition by British contracting firms.

During the war, very great demands were made on the industry, and that at a time when much of its manpower at all levels of responsibility was employing its skill in the armed forces. During those years the provision of all armament factories and stores, of all the aerodromes and additional port facilities was the responsibility of the civil engineering contractors. It is now a matter of history that the effort culminated in the construction of the unique floating ports known as the Mulberry Harbours, for the D-day invasion.

After the war the recovery of the industry was extremely rapid and increased mechanisation, new methods and techniques have completely changed the industry from what it was only thirty or so years ago. Today there is a requirement for higher skills and training to make use of the new machinery and techniques. The Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors in collaboration with representatives of the unions concerned has been, and is, taking steps to make additional training obtainable. The old concept of a civil engineering operative survives in the mind of the public as being a labourer or mawwy, which latter word is a derivative from the word navigation or canal. This concept of the mawwy or labourer whose only tools were the pick and shovel and wheelbarrow is completely outdated.

The modern civil engineering operative is a man who is skilled in the mechanical tools of his trade and combines knowledge and experience of the materials he fashions into the form they will take. While his work is still arduous, involving exposure to the elements through every season of the year and more dangers than most other industries, very

(Continued on page 1444)

A general view of the main 55-ft.-wide pre-cast centre section of the new Donnington Bridge in Oxford, the first road bridge to be built over the Thames in the city for several hundred years. The contractors are The Cementation Co. Ltd.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

(*Continued from page 143*)

great advances have been made in the last few years in overcoming these hardships. Drying rooms, canteens, and other facilities of a very high standard are everywhere provided and urgent steps are being taken by the Federation to combat and overcome the too-high accident rate, which has existed in contracting, by schemes of training safety officers, by the showing of a safety film which it has recently completed, and by other methods.

The history of labour relations in civil engineering contracting is an exemplary one. There is the closest co-operation possible between the employers and the operatives' side of the Civil Engineering Construction Conciliation Board and this Board deals rapidly and efficiently with any problems as they arise. There has been the closest co-operation on both sides in furthering the advancement of mechanisation and new methods, and this has been a major contribution to the increased efficiency which the industry has attained.

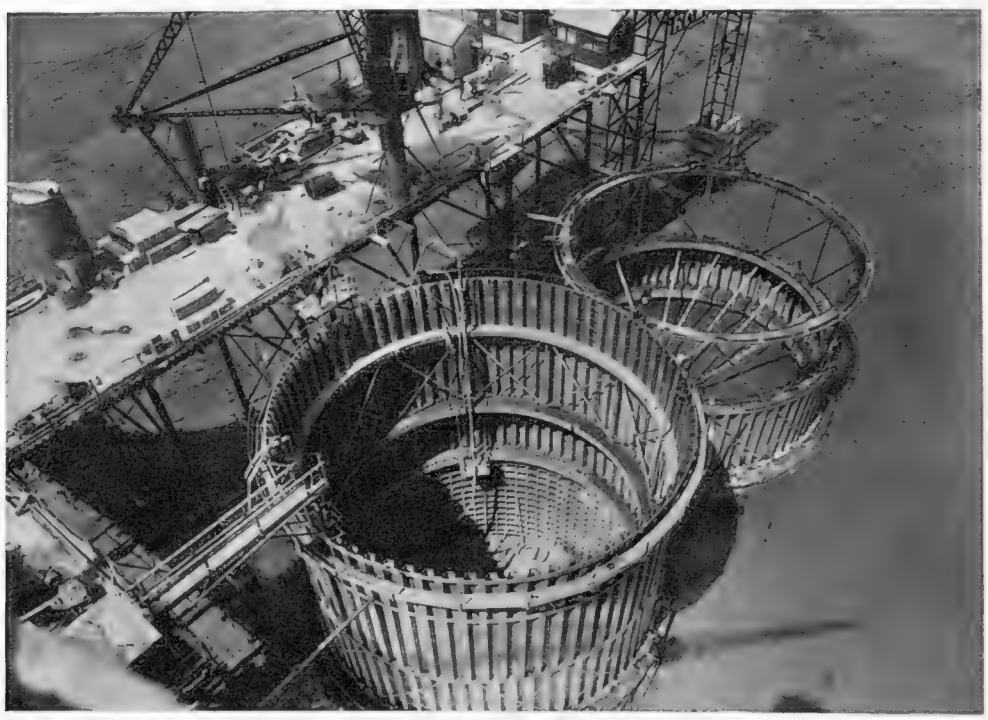
Civil engineering contractors have also a close relationship with the professional civil engineers who design so much of the work that contractors undertake. The Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors maintains the closest liaison with the two professional bodies concerned. These are the Institution of Civil Engineers and the Association of Consulting Engineers. Among many matters which the three bodies have jointly dealt with one can perhaps single out two major ones.

The first is a Standard Form of Contract for civil engineering work which was produced by the three bodies and which, it is generally agreed, has proved a model which has been adopted successfully for the major part of all civil engineering work carried out in this country for several years. Its use is now spreading to international contracts in other parts of the world. Secondly, the Federation, with the two professional bodies, very recently set up a Research Council to collect funds from its members to use these for research into problems connected with the industry which will further increase its efficiency and cheapen the cost of construction.

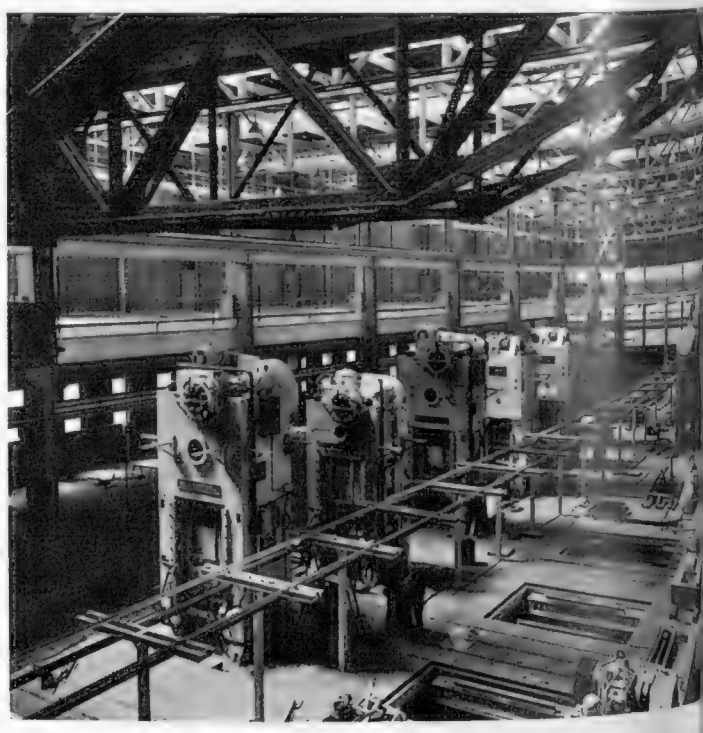
The recent survey of problems before the construction industry, which was prepared by Sir Harold Emmerson for the Minister of Works, drew special attention to the advantages that accrued from the close personal contacts between the professional civil engineer and the civil engineering contractor and from their similar training.

The Emmerson Survey also laid stress on the main need of the industry for the future which is for a planned continuity of work. Since the war the industry has constantly experienced extreme conditions of over-abundance of work followed by a shortage of work caused by artificial restrictions imposed for reasons of economic policy. This has made it extremely difficult for contractors to formulate a policy and work to a programme. The Federation, therefore, welcomes the recent action which has been taken by the Minister of Transport in planning the road programme on an immediate three-year basis.

It welcomes, too, for the same reason the setting up of the National Economic Development Council and it hopes that something like a five-year plan can be worked out and given to the industry to enable it to plan its own development. The Civil Engineering Federation is setting up, with its professional colleagues the Institution of Civil Engineers and the Association of Consulting Engineers, and in collaboration with its unions represented by the Operatives' Panel of the Civil Engineering Construction Conciliation Board, a planning body to work with the N.E.D.C.



60-ft.-diameter sheet pile coffer-dams on the site of the West Pier of the Severn Bridge, being built by J. Howard and Co. Ltd. The coffer-dams are sealed to the river bed with concrete



Extensions to the works of Coventry Radiator and Presswork Co. Ltd., are nearing completion by Turriff Construction (Warwick) Ltd.

Sugar silos for the British Sugar Corporation at Allscott, in Shropshire, near completion. The contractors are John Laing Construction

During the construction of a 19-ft. 6-in.-diameter tunnel at Bank underground station in London, to hold the travolator for the Waterloo-City railway. Contractors, Mitchell Bros., Sons & Co. Ltd.

Part of the massive concrete structure of the Bar Mill basement built by John Mowlem and Co. Ltd. for English Steel Corporation Limited at Sheffield, in a £26,000,000 development scheme

The Chichester Festival Theatre, which was completed by Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons in time for the opening season this month

Work is carried out on the £24,000,000 Loch Awe hydro-electric project in Scotland by Mitchell Construction Co. Ltd. of Peterborough

MOTORING

SPECIAL TRAFFIC BROADCASTS

About the new Vauxhall VX 4/90

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

The B.B.C.'s Light Programme will have a special interest for motorists next weekend, which is August Bank Holiday. This may well be Britain's busiest motoring weekend of all time and it has been earmarked for a big experiment in the broadcasting of fixed-time bulletins for motorists.

They will give valuable information about road conditions. Tuning-in to the Light on his car radio or at home before setting out with some trepidation on a journey, the motorist will be able to find out which roads are badly congested and get advice on alternative routes.

Starting on Friday evening there will be seventeen bulletins, each of about three minutes, giving a picture of the traffic conditions in four of Britain's most traffic-ridden areas: London, Birmingham, Lancashire and Devonshire. There will be three bulletins on Friday, five on Saturday, four on Sunday and five on Monday.

Most of the information will be supplied by the A.A. and R.A.C. It will be collated at a broadcasting point in each of the four areas and the bulletins will be prepared by the B.B.C. under the guidance of the police.

This is something we have been wanting for some time. It is a service already provided in a number of other countries, including France, Australia and the U.S. At present information about the four widely-separated areas I have named has to be given in one relatively short bulletin. The ideal would be a local bulletin from local broadcasting stations.

If it does not over-state its case and bang the drum too deafeningly the Motorists' Protection Association, which now claims 10,000 members and has an immediate membership target of 250,000 (at a minimum annual subscription of 10s.), could do a lot of good at the Ministry of Transport.

It has been formed, like many other short-lived organisations before it, because it thinks the A.A. and R.A.C. have become too respectable and no longer champion the motorist's cause with their old energy and vehemence. In fact, Mr. J. Glyn Barton, a London solicitor who is the M.P.A. vice-chairman, thinks the motoring organisations have settled down into being "extremely successful travel agents and suppliers of breakdown services."

To which the R.A.C. retorted, when I rang them up, that the motoring organisations between them were achieving a great deal on the legislative front in a quiet sort of way; without making a lot of noise. The M.P.A. (said the R.A.C. spokesman) could not make up in enthusiasm what it lacked in experience.

I personally think the M.P.A. (as long as it lasts) will add to the gaiety of the motoring scene and help to keep the motoring organisations on their toes. They do seem at times to be suffering from middle age and to have lost a lot of the fire that the late Sir Stenson Cooke breathed into the A.A. when it was fighting the speed traps.

The M.P.A. will succeed only if it confines itself to detailed criticisms of weaknesses in Government road traffic policy and its implementation. It would be advised to avoid using such blanket, parrot-like phrases as "We exist to protect the motorist against discriminatory and restrictive legislation which has resulted in the persecution of the motorist over the years." A word of warning to the Ministry: when you next receive an M.P.A. delegation, remove from the walls of your meeting-place at the Ministry such slogans as the one which greeted the last deputation: "My mind is made up; don't confuse me with facts."

The Bristol Siddeley Proteus turbine engine of Donald Campbell's *Bluebird*. **Right:** The car at Goodwood

The Vauxhall VX 4/90 four-seater saloon is the first high-performance car to come out of the Luton factory for many years and I enjoyed driving it, especially on the open road. In town the engine seemed a little fussy and I was disappointed that the well-placed floor-mounted change lever for the four-speed all-synchromesh gear-box was not a little crisper and clean-cut in operation.

The 1,508-c.c. engine has a light alloy head, a compression ratio of 9.3 to 1 and two Zenith down-draught carburettors. It gives 45 per cent. more power than the ordinary Victor and at close on 90 m.p.h. it is some 10 m.p.h. faster, with a liking for a steady 70 m.p.h. cruising gait. Stiffer suspension improves road-holding and handling yet gives a comfortable ride. I give the brakes (Lockheed discs at the front) full marks.

There are individual front seats but they should be shaped to give better support, especially on corners. I shall never like imitation woodwork on a car fascia when it is so palpably made of metal and however proud Vauxhalls are of their new upholstery material, I think they should, on a car with this kind of sporting personality, give their customers the opportunity of specifying real leather if they want it.

The VX 4/90 can be distinguished from the lesser Victors by a different front grille and a coloured flash along both sides of the body which to my mind does nothing to enhance the pleasing shape of one of the most attractive Vauxhalls for years.

I liked the pull-up hand-brake between the front seats, the big tachometer, the safety-zone toughened windscreen and the elimination of all but four greasing-points. The VX 4/90 offers a petrol mileage of 25 to 30 m.p.g., depending on how you drive it (and it is a car which asks to be driven fast). It costs £928 compared with £702 for the cheapest Victor, £737 for the Super and £799 for the de luxe version. This is not a *gran turismo* car but a lively and well-appointed version of a popular family saloon.

Donald Campbell's *Bluebird* proved a big attraction at the British Automobile Racing Club's Festival of Motoring at Goodwood, Sussex, held to celebrate the Club's golden jubilee. The monstrous car, with its powerful gas turbine engine and tall tail-fin, contrasted strangely with the lovely old cars taking part in the vintage and veteran parades: cars like the 1904 Gardner-Serpollet in which Mr. G. E. Milligen and Miss Susan Wilkinson won the "Day at the Races" class in the *concours d'élégance*, and the 1910 Mercedes with which Mr. Stanley Sedgwick and Mrs. S. Sedgwick took first prize in the "Motoring in Grandfather's Day" class in the same contest.

Campbell, watched by his charming Belgian wife, Tonia, took *Bluebird* for three laps of the 2½-mile Goodwood racing circuit. With his brakes on all the time to check the exuberance of his fast-revving turbine, he did not go faster than 60 m.p.h. in a car in which he hopes to exceed 400 m.p.h. by a wide margin when next spring in Australia he attacks the late John Cobb's world land speed record which has stood at 394 m.p.h. since 1947.

You get some idea of the value of the 28-mile-long northern section of M 5 (the Birmingham-Bristol motorway), which came into use a few days ago, when you realise that an express bus service along it between Birmingham and Worcester has cut the travelling time from the old schedule of 91 minutes to only 55 minutes.

By using M 5, traffic can now travel 50 miles by motorway from a point near Birmingham to Ross-on-Wye; for M 5 links up with the 22-mile-long Ross Spur, which runs from Brockeridge Common, near Tewkesbury, to Ross-on-Wye. Traversing some of Worcestershire's most pleasant scenery and giving easy access to the beautiful Wye Valley, it should prove a popular tourist route as well.

I applaud the care taken to vary the surface finish on M 5's many bridges so that they blend with the locality in which they stand. In the foothills of the Cotswolds, for instance, some bridges have Cotswold stone facings.

My one big criticism of M 5 is that it has only two traffic lanes each way. There should never be fewer than three in each direction—six in all, as on M 1—on any motorway built in Britain from now on.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

FURNISHERS' FUTURE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

With growing doubts over the prospects for many recently popular growth industries, the City's investment experts are turning their attention to sectors that supply customers' basic needs. One sector that has aroused City interest is Britain's furniture business, mainly because sales are unlikely to suffer, except from a general economic setback, and because of evidence that people are prepared to spend more of their income on more expensive furniture.

In recent years, furniture has not been popular among investors. During the middle 1950's, the industry seemed particularly vulnerable to changes in government economic policy. This mainly reflected the number of small units in the industry: as recently as 1959, an official survey showed that seven out of every ten firms had an annual turnover of less than £50,000. But these small units have been disappearing, partly through mergers and also by going out of business. Between 1953 and 1960, more than 1,000 firms left the industry, reducing the total from just under 2,700 to about 1,600.

The other main reason for the City's lack of interest in furniture was the small growth in sales. Recent annual turnover of £120,000,000 represents barely a 10 per cent. increase over the early 1950's. But the signs are now that the industry is moving into a new expansionary phase. The emergence of large firms has improved designs, led to the use of new materials and strengthened the industry's position *vis-à-vis* the retailers. But differences between leading furniture firms remain great, and these differences seem to have been increased by some of the industry's recent problems—such as the doubling of purchase tax.

Harris Lebus, one of the largest furniture makers with assets of more than £6,000,000, appear to have been particularly hard hit over recent years. Profits fell sharply between the 1960 and 1961 financial periods, and earlier this summer Mr. O. Lebus told shareholders that the directors, once again, could not recommend any interim dividend. Gomme Holdings, the G-Plan firm, has also run into financial problems over the past few years, and a heavy loss was shown for 1961. Last May, Mr. H. Sporborg, the City banker who is at the head of Gomme Holdings, warned shareholders that the previous nine months had shown a further deficit.

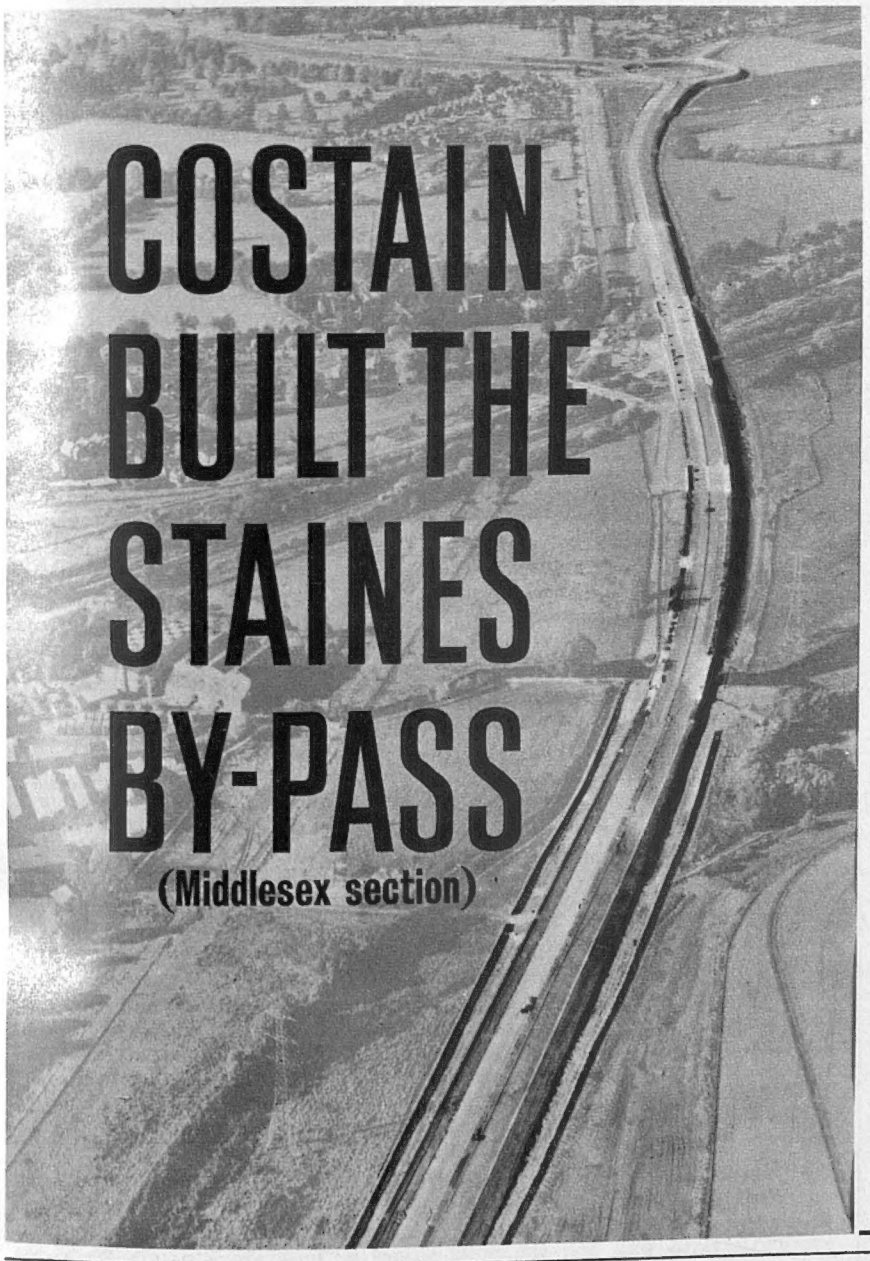
Against this background, furniture makers with strong retail links tend to do better than average. One of these is Beautility, which is believed in the trade to be an important supplier to shops in the Great Universal Stores group. Recently Mr. L. Sainer, the valued legal adviser to Mr. Charles Clore, joined the Beautility board, but so far there has been no announcement of any link with Mr. Clore's Sears business. For one of the larger furniture producers, Beautility has a relatively steady profit record. Profits showed a slight decline in 1961, but shareholders' dividend was repeated at 20 per cent.

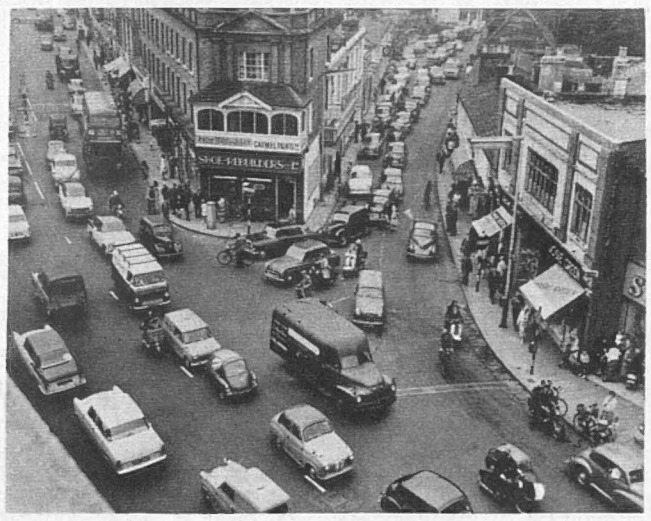
Bluestone and Elvin, the East London furniture makers, also have important retail outlets, selling to many leading stores in London and the provinces. Last year profits fell, from well over to just under £100,000 after tax, though, like Beautility, the Bluestone directors repeated shareholders' dividend at 20 per cent. But Mr. D. Bluestone took a cautious view of current year prospects, saying it seemed likely to become as difficult as 1960-61.

Given the problems facing larger firms in the industry, some City commentators have opted for the smaller specialist furniture makers. Two outstanding firms here are Parker-Knoll, who make chairs and settees, and Jentique, who produce high-quality furniture and control a successful clock subsidiary. After a slight check in the later 1950's, Parker-Knoll profits have improved steadily through the success of their distinctive design. From only £35,000 in 1958, earnings nearly trebled to £110,000 in 1961. A free share issue and a slightly larger dividend have already been indicated for the year just ended, and the City expects Mr. C. H. Jourdan and his co-directors to report a further profit improvement.

Jentique, one of the few furniture makers centred on Norfolk, are rather smaller than Parker-Knoll and draw a large part of their earnings from Metamec, light engineers and clock manufacturers. Profits have shown a steadily rising trend over recent years, and increased by nearly £20,000 to £90,000 after tax in 1960-61. Business this year has been reported fully equal to the previous period's.

For investors, furniture shares hold out the prospect of steadily rising capital value, with the attraction meanwhile of sizeable dividend yields. Beautility is the most attractive of the large companies, and its shares can now be bought at around 13s. to yield close to 6 per cent. Of the smaller firms, both Jentique and Parker-Knoll offer rather less than 6 per cent.—mainly because of their recent profit expansion. Both Jentique shares at 5s., and Parker-Knoll ordinaries around 20s., are worth considering. Parker-Knoll is the larger of the two, but Jentique has the extra buttress of its clock and engineering subsidiary.





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EARLY MAY in the Lake District was a time of beautiful weather and without the cold winds of the latter part of the month.

Furthermore, although some hotels were busy, the roads were generally quiet and it was an ideal time for a tour of the three counties.

Starting from the southern end, our first call was at *Graythwaite Manor Hotel* at Grange-over-Sands. This is a delightful little resort at this time of the year, facing south on the southern slopes of the Furness Hills, and the hotel, built in the country-house style and surrounded by its well-kept grounds, attracts the kind of visitor who appreciates the quiet dignity of the tastefully furnished rooms and suites, the inviting dining-room and the carefully supervised cuisine.

For those who look for an unlicensed hotel in a similar setting, we suggest *Heaves Hotel* at Levens Bridge, just south of Kendal. Here one is immune from traffic noise and the hotel, now scheduled as a building of historical interest, was once a family home. The resident directors, Miss M. E. Dowthwaite and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Southwell, are responsible for the hotel's smooth running and for the well-preserved country-house atmosphere.

In Kendal itself—the gateway to Lakeland as it is often described—the Swallow Group of hotels have, in the past few years, made many improvements to the *Woolpack Hotel*. Its situation makes it convenient for the tourist and food and comfort are in capable hands.

Golfers never like to be too far away from a course when they are on holiday. They are, then, all the more likely to appreciate the *Wild Boar Hotel* at Crook, near Bowness-on-Windermere, and the nearest hotel to the golf course. The original building dates back 300 years, but extensively enlarged and recently considerably improved within, the *Wild Boar* is now one of the most up-to-date hotels in the district. Mr. N. Hughes Buckley is the owner and, with the assistance of a capable manager, the food attracts a considerable local following for lunch and dinner. When we visited the hotel, we met some hotelier friends from Scotland paying a repeat visit—always a good sign!

Around Windermere we recommend two largish hotels—one north and one south of the town. At Bowness, to the south, there is that superbly situated *Belsfield Hotel*, where Mr. and Mrs. Readdie continue to make improvements each year. Popular with American visitors, who find the extensive *table d'hôte* menus to their liking, there are plenty of private bathrooms, and efficient central heating circulates throughout the house.

The *Langdale Chase Hotel*, between Windermere and Ambleside, has commanding views of lake and mountains, an atmosphere of a comfortable home with the most modern of appointments and a magnificent outlook from the dining-room. Don't let the view distract your attention from the food, however, for the hotel has built up a reputation for consistently-good menus. The owner, Miss Dalzell, is justly proud of her garden, which leads to the boat-house and private landing stage. Here, in the summer, water ski-ing is popular and the hotel also has its own launch.

Passing through Ambleside and heading for Keswick, one comes to Grasmere, the home of Wordsworth and one of the most pleasant villages in the area. Here you can stay at *Dale Lodge*, an unlicensed hotel that has, under the guidance of Mrs. Napier, been maintaining the same standards of food and quiet efficiency for over twenty years. The hotel, with its solid comfort and pleasant atmosphere, fits harmoniously into the Lakeland picture.

Not far away is *Gold Rill Hotel*, also unlicensed, where Mr. and Mrs. Straw work energetically in kitchen and house respectively to keep their guests well fed and comfortable. Their interest in the hotel never wanes and each year, when we call in, we find that they have been busy on some new project or improving the existing amenities.

And so one comes to Keswick where there are hotels of all shapes and sizes. The largest is the four-star *Keswick Hotel* which, although within easy walking distance of this popular town, is protected from traffic noise by its own and the public gardens. Here we can assure you of friendly personal service, a comfortable room, a high standard of catering and a collection of prints and pewter which exemplifies its solid English characteristics and makes a tremendous appeal to overseas visitors.

Also quiet, and near the town centre, is *Castlerigg Manor Hotel* with six acres of grounds and standing slightly above the town. The directorate of this 20-bedroom hotel are resident and make sure that the hotel's reputation for homely cooking is maintained. They keep their eyes, too, on the housekeeping side, so the first impression of efficiency and comfort is likely to be confirmed.

Many a visitor to the district prefers to stay some way from Keswick. The *Lodore Swiss Hotel*, a famous four-star hotel, stands almost on the edge of Derwentwater, three miles from Keswick, and is the result of an Anglo-Swiss partnership. Of the two resident proprietors, Mr. R. A. England is British and his wife, Mrs. M. M. England, Swiss. With the help of their son, Tony, the whole hotel—from kitchens to top-floor bedroom—is a model of efficiency and progressive thought. Latest improvements include more private bathrooms, a lift, an enlargement of the public rooms and, of course, the cuisine is in keeping.

The outlying parts of the Lake District may involve extra motoring but, on all counts, the diversions are worth while. Take the *Bower House Inn* at Eskdale, for example. The cooking here ensures a full car-park at most times of the year and the credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Caldwell, who have built up the menus and wine list to their present excellence. The residential side retains its importance, too, both in the main building and the nearby cottage.

Then at Buttermere there is the *Bridge Hotel*, run by the convivial and energetic Mr. and Mrs. Twitchen. Fishermen and fell walkers and professional folk looking for seclusion come here. All are well fed in an enterprising but straightforward way and the hotel shines with polish throughout—as we noticed on our visit recently.

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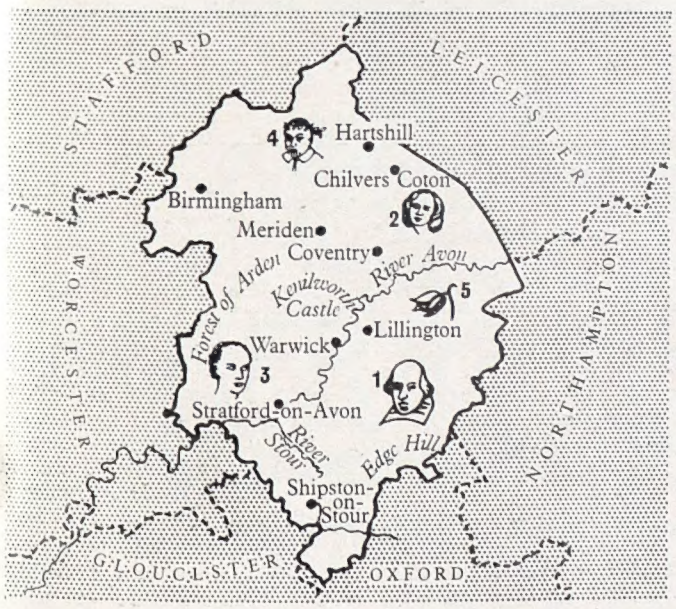
Painted by Rowland Hilder

Shell guide to WARWICKSHIRE



Geographically the centre of England (the centre is variously put at Lillington and Meriden), this is perhaps the most civilized and self-contented of all English counties. The great novelist Henry James wrote of Warwickshire as a county of "densely grassed meadows" and of lawns "delicious to one's sentient boot-sole"; he wasn't at all surprised that so ripe a countryside suggestive of manger and larder had nourished geniuses so "ripe, healthy and human" as Shakespeare (1) (christened and buried in Stratford Church) and George Eliot (2) (born at Arbury Farm, Chilvers Coton, at the other end of the county, 22nd November, 1819), whose *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede* are soaked with Warwickshire. He might have added that few counties have such a pride, not only of summer nightingales, but of eminent poets, including Walter Savage Landor (3), born in Warwick in 1775, Fulke Greville, murdered in 1628, and buried in St. Mary's, Warwick, under a curt, noble inscription: "Fulke Grevill, servant to Queene Elizabeth, Conceller to King Iames, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney"; and Michael Drayton (4) (born at Hartshill, in 1563, son of a tanner), whose poems celebrate Warwickshire, the Forest of Arden, and Warwickshire's nightingales – as well as Coventry in lines apt to its state in this year of the dedication of the new cathedral:

Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides,
Her walls in good repaire, her ports so bravely built
Her halls in good estate, her crosse so richly gilt.

Here as background to the Warwickshire writers you have the Avon, and Stratford Church, and around Shakespeare's famous gravestone flowers of the Warwickshire meadows and river verges (including fritillaries (5), which bear a Warwickshire name of "Shy Widows").

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